JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1846

DEAR PRIME MINISTER By The Editor

TARGETS FOR TOMORROW

THUNDER OVER THE PACIFIC By A.G.G.

FIRE GUARDS get ready! FIREBOMB FRITZ is coming

We men and women of Britain's Fire Guard *will* be ready. Ready because during quiet times we train and practise, every day learning to do our job better. We're not asking for trouble, but we'll meet it properly when it does come.

FIRE GUARD TIPS.

No. 7 If you have to force a door, smash an upper panel. Then you can get a hand in to the lock.

No. 8 Don't enter a burning building or room unless you have something to attack the fire with.

No. 9 Keep all doors and windows shut at night as far as possible. Fire thrives on draughts or fresh air.

No. 10 If a burning room get too hot for you, shut the door as you retreat. It cuts off the air supply. Besides, a door is a good fire stop.

BRITAIN SHALL NOT BURN!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC SECURITY

Guinness is GOOD for you

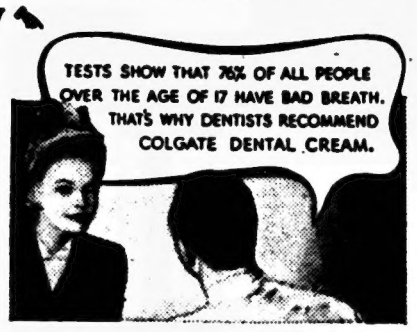
G.E.1013.5

Am I the wrong woman for him?

Naturally, wives worry when husbands grow indifferent. Naturally, they wonder "what *can* be the reason?" In more cases than you would imagine the answer is bad breath. And if you don't believe *you* could ever have it, read what dentists have discovered.

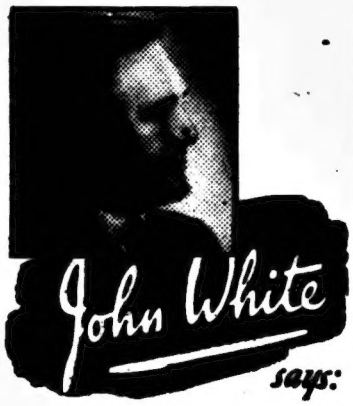
Remember, dentists say

Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam which delves right into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clear away decaying food particles and stops those odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath.



Change to Colgates and see how that penetrating foam makes your mouth feel clean and refreshed. Watch how your teeth grow brighter, more sparkling! You'll love its flavour, too. It's quite the nicest way to conquer bad breath.

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE
3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.
Including Tax



In order that wearers of my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Footwear continue to obtain the utmost value for their money—now more necessary than ever under Clothes Rationing—distribution is being spread as evenly as possible over the country. Your local shoe shop may have difficulty in serving you immediately, so an occasional enquiry is your wisest policy.

Impregnable Style KB 110 or with toe-cap KB 191.

Black Chrome Service Boot.

Impregnable

JOHN WHITE *(Impregnable Boots)* LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

How much should you eat?

How much Weetabix, for example? It is so very delicious that the temptation to eat more than is necessary is almost irresistible.

But one must curb one's appetite. All foods must be used sparingly and Weetabix is a most valuable food. It brings to your table, in the pleasantest possible form, the complete goodness of the wheat.

Though more Weetabix is being made, so many more people are eating it, that there is sometimes difficulty in obtaining. So, when you get Weetabix, make it go as far as possible. Use it with other foods to make all go further. Here is one way:—

"Weetabix" Fish Cakes

Four Weetabix. ½ lb. cooked fish, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon parsley, yolk of egg, breadcrumbs. Crush Weetabix into a basin, add flaked fish, season with pepper, salt, parsley. Shape into balls. If necessary, use a little milk. Coat with egg, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until nicely browned.

Weetabix More than a Breakfast Food!

Standard Size 7½d.
Double Size 1/1d.

WEETABIX LTD., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS

Turn the GAS down whenever you can

Save every therm of gas possible. Help to give our men the weapons they need — and to send still more aid to Russia. Fuel is the key to increased production. There's no time to lose. The most rigid economy is called for.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

Don't waste a 'nice hot oven' on a single dish

Never keep the kettle on the boil. Don't put in more water than you need

Never let the gas flare up round the sides of kettle or saucepan

Never leave the fire burning when it's not needed

Call at your Gas or Electricity Showroom or Coal Office for advice and leaflets on how to economise.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL • COKE • GAS • ELECTRICITY • FUEL OIL • PARAFFIN

ISSUED BY THE MINES DEPARTMENT

GOOD Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

PROPAX relieves *pain*

quickly

15 & 26

FROM BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS AND ALL CHEMISTS

"Some months ago I had a most remarkable instance of how flagging energies may be temporarily revived. A certain area

was badly hit and what with preparing means of entry, contacting casualties and a hundred other customary jobs, the energies of some of us, not unnaturally, showed signs of flagging. Then someone produced a supply of Mars Bars and offered them round. The effect on my fellows was amazing. They all seemed at once to pick up reinforcements of energy and stuck to the job magnificently."

EACH bar of Mars still contains just those vital calories — the fuel element of food — we need; still possesses that unique flavour and delicious malted centre, *but* Mars Bars are now rationed. Therefore when you come across any, ask yourself: am I one of the people who needs the energy they supply? . . . and act accordingly.

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½d.

FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½d.
EGGS	64
MILK	190
BEEF	131
Mars	270

Mars GRAND FOOD... GRAND FLAVOUR! 2½d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 1, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

WANTED

Pile up the munitions with which the German might can be smashed!

In every home in the country there is material for those munitions.

It is paper. Just waste paper.

Lord Beaverbrook wants 100,000 tons of it. And he wants it in a hurry to make shells and cartridge cases.

"What's the use?" you may say. "Our local council is too lazy to collect the waste we put aside."

Well, write to JOHN BULL about it.

We will see that the collection is made. We will see that not a scrap of paper is ignored.

For every scrap is vital to our war effort.

Here is an effort that can be made by young and old, the strong and the infirm.

Britain has got to get those 100,000 tons—quickly.

And that should be an easy task for a nation that has defied the Nazi bombers and is determined to hit back.

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW FOR ACTION

THE Government now knows the temper of the people.

It knows that the people are disappointed, disillusioned and dissatisfied.

As a result, we may hope, plans will be made to start winning the war in 1942 instead of 1944.

Looking Ahead

So let us discuss the future.

Government spokesmen have trailed stale red herrings in a vain attempt to confuse their critics.

While stating that invasion of Europe is not yet possible, they do not explain why large-scale raids have not been launched.

The enemy is clearly nervous lest such raids be attempted.

False Alarm

Last week a writer mentioned one point in France as being especially vulnerable to attack.

Within a few days R.A.F. pilots reported that hundreds of Nazi fighter 'planes had been rushed to that point.

Shoot-and-Run!

Suppose, then, that we had made shoot-and-run attacks simultaneously at half a dozen places on the Nazi-controlled coast from Trondheim to Cherbourg.

Would not the *Luftwaffe* have been seriously disorganised?

In the answer to that question rests one possibility for our future action.

Grounded

Another possibility depends on our air strength.

The R.A.F. has not been inactive lately. But many people feel it could be doing much more.

Is bad weather alone restricting its activities? Or is a new bombing policy being evolved?

Nice for Nazis

This time last year we were bombing Berlin three times a week. Now, on the average, seventeen days elapse between each raid on the German capital.

In the month ending last week Munich and Mannheim had not been bombed at all, Frankfort only once, Cologne and Hamburg only twice.

We have not bombed big Nazi aircraft factories for months.

Biggest Ever

The Government promised, last July, that before many months elapsed the heaviest raid on London "would be child's play compared with the raids we shall soon make on Berlin."

In August, in a single twenty-four hours, we sent up to 850 aircraft against the enemy—to smash the Cologne power stations by day, to fire Berlin, Stettin and nine other German cities by night.

Now, on the finest night, we send over only a few hundred bombers.

More for Russia

We lose very costly machines on those raids. Our "spread - over"—from Germany to Singapore—is enormous. To cover it, we need enormous numbers of machines.

Moreover, this question must be asked:

Are we sending enough 'planes to our Russian ally?

Joint Strategy

The public will hold the Government to its pledge. Our air attack must be intensified. They must reach a terrible and unprecedented scale this winter.

We must aid Russia to the utmost. And we must increase our understanding with Russia.

Not only the Allied supplies but the Allied strategy should be co-ordinated.

Attack First!

There, then, are the outlines of several plans for offensive action against the enemy. There are others.

We must not wait passively for the enemy's next move.

Though winter will restrict our opportunities in Northern Europe, it will bring us new ones in the Mediterranean zone.

Above all, we must take the initiative in Libya.

Waiting

We are waiting there for the Axis to attack our positions. The Axis is waiting for us to attack theirs.

At any moment the careful probing of patrol parties may develop into the deadly clash of tremendous armies.

Let us hope it will be Britain that will open the offensive. For in modern warfare the advantage rests with the attacker.

It Always Pays

Not only Hitler has proved that lesson.

Britain took the offensive against Mussolini's East African empire, against Iraq, against Syria, against Persia. We won.

We were on the defensive in Norway, in Flanders, in the Balkans, in Crete. We lost.

Superb Strength

We have deployed an army of nearly 750,000 men in the Middle East. It is magnificently equipped.

No American tanks have reached Britain. All that the U.S.A. could spare have gone to Egypt. So have American bombers.

And so, too, have gigantic quantities of British-produced tanks and 'planes and shells.

All—and More

But we know from the example of the Russian campaign how quickly the stuff of war is consumed.

We shall need to send further supplies to strengthen the braced arms of General Auchinleck.

General Wavell will need all we can send lest he is called to fight on the mountain ridges of the Caucasus.

Chief Need

More bombers. More tanks. More ships. More guns and shells, more equipment of every kind, more supplies in infinite variety are needed.

The workers will provide them—given better organisation.

Our organisation, alas, is not yet capable of meeting the demands made upon it.

Going Slow

There are still gaps in production, lack of co-operation in supply departments. There is slowness in swinging over peace time industries to war time production, in mobilising man-power.

That is now tacitly admitted by the Government.

Now We Know

A few months ago, when M.P.s suggested that we were producing only 70 per cent. of capacity, the Government heatedly denied that suggestion.

But now the Government admits that we must increase production by at least 30 per cent.

More Conservative M.P.s are supporting JOHN BULL's demand for better direction from the Cabinet—an argument to which we return on page 5.

Moreover, the Civil Service will have to be freed from its paralysing red-tape traditions; vested interests of industry must be made to observe the national interests.

Work Wanted

Shipyard craftsmen of Irvine ask JOHN BULL's aid. They are tired of loafing. They are sick of hearing that their shipyard is "redundant" and must remain closed, despite the nation's need for ships.

There are seventeen British shipyards still closed.

Six Times Over

Shop stewards tell us of munition factories on short time. Employers complain of having to recruit extra staff to deal with masses of official forms.

Certainly, a few Ministries are trying to dispense with some forms. Lord Beaverbrook's Ministry of Supply deserves particular and honourable mention.

Yet even that Ministry requires contractors to submit accounts six times over—to various offices up and down the country.

Hurdle Race!

One firm has immense stocks of material it will not need until three months' time. Yet other firms want the same material for immediate orders—and cannot get it.

The Ministry of Supply could surely even out such needless hindrances to smooth production.

Action Stations!

Here, then, is our programme: Offensive action quickly wherever it is possible; preparation for even bigger action next year; better organisation to speed that preparation!

The people of Britain are more alert now than ever before. They are critical of all that impedes action and production.

They are no longer content with promises of "jam to-morrow." They want action to-day, without which there will be no jam to-morrow.

All That Matters

They are contemptuous of politicians who discuss such topics as the meals of Mr. Hess and the R.A.F. officers who dare to smoke their pipes in public.

Instead, they want our politicians to get on with the job of beating Hitler.

And the Government should welcome this mood. For it is a mood which, if properly directed and encouraged, can work miracles.

(Continued overleaf)

WHY NOT SOME SURPRISE VISITS!

Col. Moore-Brabazon is an energetic Minister. He gets around.

Presumably he visits aircraft factories to see how production is going. We respectfully suggest that he might see it better if his visits were unexpected.

One factory received nearly a week's notice of his intention to "see for himself."

Days before he arrived all production was stopped so that the place should be really busy on *the* great day, scrap metal cleared away, floors swept and painted.

The men were so resentful that they threatened to walk out.

Trouble was averted, JOHN BULL is informed, by a promise that the men's representatives would be allowed to talk to the Minister after he had toured the plant.

Instead, the Minister was taken round during their lunch hour—and he left before they returned to work.

A pity, for the men might possibly have been able to offer him suggestions for improving

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

QUESTIONS to the War Office: Are A.A. gunners still sleeping in leaky tents and wading ankle-deep in mud?

In one unit, do they have to drink from the same stream in which they wash and shave? In the same unit, has the sentry no rifle, but only a bayonet brazed on to an iron tube?

And why, after two years of war, are we not prepared for war conditions?

Short of Juice!—

Next question is easy: "Who are the war's worst obstructionists?" Answer, the petroleum officers.

Last week we told you how they stop the building of new aerodromes for our bombers. This week we'll tell of an inspector at a factory helping to make our heavy bombers.

He's so keen on his job that often he works from 7.30 a.m. till 11 at night. He lives twenty-five miles away, cannot travel by train, and usually picks up two other inspectors in his car.

Now his petrol supply has been stopped.

—Not Here

Yet five gallons of petrol are used each day to wash down the floor of one fire station.

And private citizens can still drive to the races.

Waiting to Serve

Builders are wanted urgently for war work.

Yes, but hundreds of skilled men—one was in charge of 800 men—are still workless because they are older than fifty, are still vainly advertising in technical papers.

Whitehall should look at those journals.

Incompetence

A few of those old builders would be better than the new ones who, before the war, were hairdressers or crooners.

War buildings are put up and then pulled down again because of elementary errors. A worker tells us of a big concrete floor that, directly it was laid, was torn up with pneumatic drills so that it could be relaid with coloured composition!

Where's Labour!

Thus is labour wasted. Yet we know a Midlands employer on vital tool-making who just can't get labour, even though he pays good wages to both men and women and provides training at full pay.

But it seems that there is still nothing to prevent a family of two from employing a dozen maids.

Not Wanted

One last contrast: Millions of pounds are wasted on Government jobs, but a qualified cost accountant of forty-nine has been curtly told by the Central Register that his services are not required.

Factory Talkies

It helps production if airmen and soldiers tour the factories. Production could hardly have been stimulated at a Midlands factory last week when 700 workers spent an hour and a half listening to their managing director talking on "the romance of the ignition magneto."

A platform was specially built for the occasion. Employees also say that they waste a thousand hours a week waiting for work!

Dirty Work

Men transferred from one factory to another under the same management find their wages reduced, though they do the same work as before.

In a shell factory, wages have been cut because there is not enough work for them.

So there are still loopholes for bad employers.

Fined—For What!

But here is a complaint of a very different sort: Up in Barrow, a dispute arose that affected engineers on night work.

Day workers assert they were not ordered to strike by the A.E.U. But the A.E.U. is fining them £3 or so each for not turning out on strike. What an advertisement for democracy and trade unionism!

Twelve-Hour Victim

As for that miserable specimen of miserly officialdom, the Unemployment Assistance Board, it could best assist the nation by handing over its job to somebody else.

A woman broke down through working twelve hours a day on munitions. Despite her doctor's certificate, she has to wait hours at the U.A.B. to get a few shillings to keep herself and a dependant.

And all the Employment Exchange offers her is another twelve-hour job for £1 a week or a seven-day week in a canteen at 15s.

Duds

Can it be such over-long hours that caused 18,000 shells and thousands of bombs to be rejected as "duds" at a Royal Ordnance Factory last week?

Or was it just the bad organisation that exists in so many Government-controlled works?

Same Old Army

That word, organisation, is still unknown in the Army.

At the outbreak of war an aircraft rigger was called up. For just a month the Air Ministry got him released for urgent work, then he went back to the ranks.

He applied for transfer to the R.A.F. Nothing happened. A year later, he applied again. Nothing happened. After another eight months he applied again—and was transferred to the R.A.O.C.

Starting Again

There he spent sixteen weeks on a "course" that he could have done on his head.

For the last three months he has been sweeping floors. Now he's starting infantry drill—sloping arms by numbers, and so on—as if he were a raw recruit instead of an old-timer with ten years' infantry experience.

Morning Tea

A man we know had to visit a big bomber station in Eastern England the other day. On the way he saw dozens of bottles of milk outside a building where some of our Civil Servants slave all day—from ten in the morning till perhaps as late as five in the afternoon.

The milk was for their elevenses—the tea and things they have to keep them going.

Dawn Luxury

Just before dawn next day, the same man watched the air crews coming home from a gruelling all-night flight to deliver bombs to Germany.

They wanted their cup of tea, just like the Civil Servants. And, of course, they got it.

But the milk came out of tins labelled: "Canned in the U.S.A."

Oddity

Further proof that we live in a strange country is the allowance of extra cheese to railway signalmen, drivers and guards, but the refusal of extra rations to the hardest manual worker in railway service—the shunter.

Their Trespass

Maybe you noticed that the Brighton Foot Beagles held a meeting recently. Maybe you even saw the picture of the "sportsmen" trampling over a field of newly set cabbages, many of which were destroyed.

And maybe it occurred to you, as to us, that the indignant farmers might have been pardoned for using their shotguns.

But those "sportsmen" aren't the only people "playing at war."

Dustbin Chickens

Every ton of shipping space is needed to carry war materials. But a lot of shipping has to be spared for food-carrying, not only because we do not produce enough food, but because we waste food.

Worst example brought to our notice concerns many dozens of chickens that had to be thrown away by a big catering firm because they had been allowed to become flyblown.

Somebody ought to be prosecuted, of course. But "somebody" won't be.

S O S

What of the men who sail the ships? We know a crew that have been starved of news since war began.

The captain owns a private radio, but refuses to allow the men to have one or to issue a news-sheet to them.

They are at sea for two months at a time, are worried about their families in danger areas—but the skipper doesn't mind.

By Order

JOHN BULL urges the Board of Trade to make it compulsory that all ships' crews should be permitted a wireless set.

Share Alike

As you already know, JOHN BULL also wants war costs to be shared on a national basis.

Many country districts have had their population and their costs trebled by the influx of evacuees, yet Whitehall refuses to increase their grants.

Bombed-out

Not unusual is the plight of a Middlesex-reader, bombed-out last year.

No repairs have been made to the house; the damage has been increased by rain pouring through the roof; the family have to continue mortgage payments though they cannot occupy the premises.

Yet repairs have been speedily made to property condemned before the war. Perhaps it is the chief function of the War Damage Commission to increase war damage?

Bulldog Boys

British Sailors' Society offers to train and find good berths in the Merchant Navy for boys of good character between the ages of fifteen and seventeen.

Interested readers can obtain an illustrated leaflet from the Commanding Officer, Prince of Wales Hostel, Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich.

Behind the News

- **Himmler, Goebbels and Ribbentrop have dropped personal differences to unite to save their skins if Russian tide turns and Hitler is sacked by the Army. Himmler is preparing to seize power.**

- ***Himmler reckons that Gestapo strength can be matched against war-weary and disillusioned army, while his hold on soldiers' families is still very strong.***

- **New factory in U.S.A. is making more gunpowder and cordite than all the nations engaged in 1918 war.**

- **To counter depression among Nazi troops in "invasion" areas, new anti-English hate campaign promises limitless British loot. But daylight R.A.F. swoops make the promises look silly, even to Nazi soldiers.**

- ***How hard Russia and R.A.F. have hit Luftwaffe is shown by latest Nazi offer of full commissions to "all fit and intelligent German boys of sixteen."***

- **Nazi search for frostbite serum and other medical needs for winter campaign in Russia has become frantic. Swiss and Swedish Governments refuse to part with their reserves.**

- **Axis reinforcements arriving in Libya are in answer to S O S by Rommel, who fears British attack, but Axis Africa command is still short of "safety" strength.**

- ***Sensational Nazi Party graft scandals are coming to light in quick succession. One exposes scramble for Hess's property and industrial shares. Another deals with sadistic orgies.***

- **Japs working on stolen Anglo-U.S.A. oil interests in Manchuria have been unable to maintain former results. They blame machinery shortage: truth is, they are not up to standard set by Anglo-U.S.A. engineers.**

- **Nazi squad is helping Japan to prepare war against U.S.A. Wiedemann, Hitler's close friend, has just arrived in Tientsin to watch Japan push against Siberia; Nazi airmen and U-boat crews are standing by in Tokio and Indo-China.**

- ***Nazi air expert has gone to Crete to strengthen Italian positions against possible British attacks.***

- **General Kitzinger, charged with defence of Germany against R.A.F. attack, is trying to build up new fighter force. But most Nazi air aces and veterans of the Battle of Britain are prisoners of war in Britain or Russia—or dead.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

Dear Mr. Prime Minister . .

BECAUSE we trust you and because you are bearing a greater responsibility than any Premier has borne before, all of us—Parliament, Press and Public alike—have been anxious not to embarrass you in any way.

Nor do we wish to do so now; we are concerned only that you should not mistake loyalty for blind acquiescence or steady patience for dumb docility.

Frankly, if you were to tour the country to-day, you would find that loyalty is as strong as ever, but that public patience is wearing thin.

No one-day debate on the war situation can set this anxiety at rest, and none of your Ministers can allay this uneasiness.

You are the only man who can reassure the millions of questioning minds that go to make up British public opinion. Do you realise that it is a long time since you have had a really heart-to-heart talk with the people?

Why not have one now, Mr. Prime Minister? Why not tell us all what you expect of us?

We are eager for straight talking. We want to know what we can do, individually as well as collectively.

We have been stirred by your oratory and inspired by your courage, but we are not being taken fully into your confidence.

We know that you cannot disclose the War Cabinet's plans to the enemy, but, without doing that, we believe that you could set our minds at rest on many points.

Aid for Russia is the burning question. No-one really doubts that the Government is determined to give all possible material aid. That is not what is gnawing our hearts. Military help is the big unanswered question.

Make no mistake about it; the country is *not* satisfied with the bland negatives of Lords Moyne and Halifax or the mild optimism of other Ministers.

JOHN BULL suggests you could, if you chose, override the Brass-Hats and let the public into a few "open secrets" which have been noised abroad in the States and whispered rather freely even here.

It would lift up our hearts to know that Britain has not lost all initiative; that she is capable of attack even on a small scale; and that, come what may, she does not intend to "stay put" behind the Maginot Line of the English Channel.

One bold, outspoken statement by you, Mr. Prime Minister, would be worth a score of week-end speeches by your Ministers. These latter, indeed, have increased, rather than relieved, public anxiety.

THE people are exhorted to hew more coal, save more money, launch more ships, till more land, build more factories, speed the bomber, and churn out the tank.

How are we to put first things first, Mr. Prime Minister, unless you decide priorities? How can we have confidence in your Ministers unless, under your guidance, they speak with one voice?

JOHN BULL does not ask you to "Goebbelise" the War Cabinet, but we should be greatly relieved if you would persuade your colleagues to co-ordinate their appeals and check their dangerous tendency to "speak out of turn."

You are, of course, enormously busy. Upon your shoulders rests the ultimate burden of the British Commonwealth's long-term war strategy. But you have also chosen to carry the full weight of our domestic problems.

When JOHN BULL urged you long ago to appoint a "Second-in-Command" for the Home Front, and when the general Press endorsed this suggestion and Members of Parliament in every Party followed suit, you would have none of it, because, you said, there was no "superman" fitted to tackle the job.

Reluctantly we accepted your decision, but to-day we feel bound to tell you that you cannot escape its implications; you must either change your mind or else you must exercise the command which you have insisted upon retaining.

YOU are great enough to admit a mistake without losing prestige. We believe you *have* made a mistake in this instance.

Your heart is big enough for anything, but there are only twenty-four hours in each day.

You should know, and no doubt you do know, that nobody is satisfied with the present handling of the twin problems of man-power and production.

Waste and muddle are rampant. Women are soon to be registered up to the age of forty, but three-quarters of the younger women already registered have not yet been interviewed.

Moreover, any sensible and practical woman could tell the Government why the appeal to the patriotism of her sisters has fallen so flat.

It is because the Government has *not* made adequate arrangements for women workers; it has *not* made it possible for them to do their war jobs and still run their homes.

We appreciate recent decisions to provide meals for schoolchildren and better food for the heavy workers. We admit improvements in the provision of canteens and welfare departments. We can observe in a dozen different directions the efforts of individual Ministers to speed things up.

But there is no evidence as yet of a general and comprehensive plan for the Home Front.

There is no co-ordination of traffic; no master controller of supplies; no single and compelling direction of the nation's immense industrial resources.

Believe us, Mr. Prime Minister, the public is deeply concerned about these and many other matters.

It wants to know, among many other things, why we are not yet blasting Berlin with bombs and making raids upon the enemy which, as Colonel Moore-Brabazon promised us last July, would make his raids on London look like child's play.

It wants to know, as our special correspondent explains in page 7, why the great French munition factories, now working day and night for Germany, have so far escaped attack.

We have put our trust in you, Mr. Prime Minister, and we claim an answering trust.

The people of these islands will follow you through thick and thin if they can see where they are going.

Won't you light the path for them? They ask no more than that.

Faithfully yours,

John Bull

THESE MEN CAN BE BEATEN

"LONDON will be wiped out in a week. A terrified, screaming population will run to Whitehall and force the Government to make peace!"

Hitler's expert on air terror made this prediction. He was convinced that Germany could win the war by terrorism within a week.

That "expert" is Alexander Loehr, commander of Nazi Air Fleet Number Four. He is now trying out his tactics for the third time on the southern sector of the Russian front.

His failure first to terrorise London into surrender, now his failure to panic the Russians, heralds the failure of what was once regarded as Hitler's mightiest weapon: the *Luftwaffe*.

★ ★ ★

Loehr, a fifty-three-year-old Austrian, became an air-terrorist after observing the effects of bomb-throwing Nazi terror bands in Austria.

He saw the excitable Austrians falter under the impact of constant explosions. He was convinced that Hitler would triumph in Austria and proceed to conquer the world.

Loehr, who commanded the small Austrian Air Force, turned Nazi.

This ex-infantryman of the last war knew Poland and Russia well, and he assured Hitler that he could render great services.

He betrayed Austrian defences to the Nazis, he canvassed for Hitler against the Government to whom he had sworn allegiance.

General Loehr fascinated Hitler with his vision of what terror could do

When Hitler took power in Austria, he rewarded Loehr with the command of one of the seven Nazi Air Fleets.

At once Loehr proceeded to study the Polish problem.

He told Hitler that he had a sure way of defeating the Poles in record time. Terror was the medicine he prescribed, and Hitler gladly gave his assent.

So Loehr became the first European airman to employ terror as a weapon of war. Selecting Warsaw as a target, he sent his pilots to bomb the civilian population mercilessly.

★ ★ ★

Poland fell, crushed by the impact of a vastly superior Nazi force. Warsaw, destroyed, starving, threatened with epidemics, surrendered after an heroic defence.

Hitler gloated. When the time came he would do the same in London.

Loehr's method had opened the vista of a rapid success against Britain. Every Nazi air general was instructed to use it.

You know the story. The *Luftwaffe* came in superior numbers; but the British people refused to be terrorised by Loehr's tactics, faithfully carried out by his colleagues Kesselring, Stumpff and Sperrle

★ ★ ★

The small R.A.F. shot the Nazi bombers out of the sky.

Those were dark days for Hitler and Loehr. Their hopes were dashed, their plans disrupted.

If you recall the early days of the war, if you remember the reputation of the Nazi *Luftwaffe*, it seems almost incredible that it is Hitler who now faces his gravest danger from the air.

The much-vaunted *Luftwaffe* has been badly hit.

The Nazis are eating into their reserves. Mr. Churchill has said that the Nazis are facing a serious shortage in the air.

And the R.A.F. rules the sky over the Channel, thrusts deep into enemy-occupied territory, and has turned steadily but surely to the offensive.

Few people realise the full significance of this great change.

It shows that the Nazis can be beaten

And they will be completely and finally beaten!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC

DEAR PEOPLE,—I ask you to look ahead. The short days of late autumn and winter will impose a greater strain on our railways than ever before.

They will have to carry our coal. They will have to transport enormous quantities of munitions and equipment. If they fail, our chance of hitting the enemy hard next year will be postponed.

And they may quite likely fail unless we—the public—cut down our travelling.

All of us will have to use the railways less. We shall just have to eliminate pleasure and social trips.

Some of us may be able to suggest ways of reducing travel to an absolute minimum without causing undue hardship. If so, the authorities will be glad to consider them. Will you help?—JOHN BULL.

FORTY THOUSAND PARENTS,
London

DEAR PEOPLE,—I'm not going to mince words. I think you are a selfish, callous, foolish lot.

Last January there were 80,000 children left in London. Now there are 138,000, all potential victims for the bombs that do not discriminate between young and old.

I know that the same drift back from the countryside to danger areas has been noted in all our big towns. But London, greatest of targets, should set an example to all Britain.

You, in your stupidity, are failing us all; and you may well be condemning your own children to death.—JOHN BULL.

Commander FIREBRACE,
Britain's Fire Chief

DEAR COMMANDER,—I warn you that indignation is growing. The public resents the odd appointments to the new Fire Service.

This week's example: At Bolton, a chartered accountant has got a big job. A schoolteacher has been made drill instructor at £5 15s. a week, though ex-Army men in the brigade could have done the job for nothing.

A furniture remover has been appointed storekeeper at the same wages; a detective was offered another post at £9 a week.

What are you building up—a National Fire Service or a National Fireworks Service?—JOHN BULL.

Lieut. R. E. C. COX,
Indian Army

DEAR SIR,—Never was there a greater story of human endurance. Never was there a story of greater horror. Never should your story fade from the minds of men.

A ship was attacked by a German raider. It went down full of dead and wounded. Some boats got away, only to be washed back into the sinking mass of burning wreckage.

With eleven companions you clung to a tiny raft. Some went mad. One by one, nine men were dragged to death by sharks.

You and two other officers survived for five days, suffering tortures from thirst, hunger, the attacks of poisonous fish, and then you were picked up.

I wish you what you yourself must wish—a part in the victory over the barbarians who caused your terrible misfortunes.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Morecambe, Lancs

GENTLEMEN,—Your decision to spend £3,250 on a museum for stuffed birds and butterflies is an ironic contrast to your refusal to supply milk to schoolchildren.

No wonder "a wave of indignation" has swept your unfortunate town!—JOHN BULL.

Lord BRIDGEMAN,
Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—So you are going to get rid of Home Guard slackers. A laudable aim. But make sure first that the men are really slackers before you sack them in disgrace.

A Scottish farm worker attended drills regularly during the winter. But during the summer he had to work from 3.30 a.m. till 10.30 at night, thus missing drill.

As a result, he received notice of dismissal in a curt note accusing him of having shown "little or no interest in the Home Guard lately."

What have you to say about that cool example of insulting willing and hard-working volunteers?—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILFRED EADY,
Chairman, Board of Customs

DEAR SIR,—Your smart-alec officials are too generous with other people's goods.

Several readers have been notified that parcels addressed to them from the U.S.A. have been given to charity—just because the parcels weighed more than the regulation 5 lb.

A high-handed procedure!—JOHN BULL.

The GOVERNORS,
St. Andrew's Hospital, Billericay

GENTLEMEN,—A woman was found unconscious in her bungalow near Laindon. Your hospital was asked to send an ambulance, I am informed, at 1.45, but it did not arrive until nearly five o'clock, though the distance is about four miles. The woman died

Do you admit that this statement is correct? If so, what explanation can you offer?—JOHN BULL.

TOWN COUNCIL,
Dudley

DEAR SIRS,—I am disgusted by your decision to suspend your medical officer for the duration of the war because he has registered as a conscientious objector.

His efficiency has been publicly acknowledged; it will be difficult to replace him.

The Government is firmly opposed to such victimisation; so are all decent citizens.—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR, M.P.,
St. James's Square, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Quick to tackle women's problems, you should champion the many women to whom the Government has broken its pledge.

They are expectant mothers, or women who have had clothing destroyed while at the cleaners. Despite the official promise, they are unable to obtain extra clothing coupons.

The whole business of clothes rationing is indeed in a state of hopeless muddle; as I suggested last week, it should be scrapped.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DAVID ROBERTSON, M.P.,
Streatham

DEAR SIR,—That's a grand idea you're trying out in a Midlothian pit—serving hot dinners and high teas to men at the coal-face, in insulated containers loaned by the War Office.

Of our 1,900 coal mines, only 751 have proper feeding arrangements.

Jump on officialdom to see that your "meals underground" service is quickly extended!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. WYNNE THOMAS,
Bromley, Kent

DEAR DOCTOR,—Thanks for shaming lazy officialdom.

Because the authorities wouldn't do it, you have painted a white band round a post-box to prevent black-out accidents—and persuaded the local council to carry on the good work.

Whitehall favours it, so I pass on the idea to my readers.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF COMMANDANT,
Women's Voluntary Services

DEAR MADAM,—One of your branches is refusing to issue vouchers for free knitting wool for Servicemen's relatives—except to its own members.

That is a preposterous error that I am sure you will remedy without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Marshal SEMYON TIMOSHENKO,
Commander-in-Chief, Russian Southern Army

DEAR MARSHAL,—The people of Britain are more in your debt than these words of mine can express.

For nearly a month you withstood the fiercest blows in all the history of war.

You defended Moscow. You sustained the hopes of all decent people in all the lands.

The forces you directed with cool cunning and dauntless determination suffered grave losses.

But you fought on; you inflicted even heavier losses on the enemy; you foiled desperate attempts to create a vital gap between neighbouring armies. And you counter-attacked with vigour and skill.

That is what we should expect from the man who, once a farm labourer, roughed it in the ranks in 1915, was elected an officer, and helped to build up the Red Army.

Now you have won fame beyond the frontiers of your vast native land; your stern eyes and sallow face, with the high cheekbones of the Mongol, have become familiar throughout the world.

And now that you have taken over Marshal Budenny's command, we can be sure that you will defend the vital industrial areas of the south as tenaciously as you defended Moscow.

In that task you have the warmest wishes of the British people—and our thanks for withstanding four Nazi offensives in three months.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

The New Nobility

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

MY father was a man of great, good temper. For that reason one of my earliest and clearest memories of him was the scornful way in which he read from a Sunday-school hymn book.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate;
God made them high or lowly
And ordered their estate.

Then he flung down the book in disgust and walked out of the room.

In later years I knew why.

My father hated the picture of the poor man cap in hand waiting like a beggar for the condescending patronage of his rich lord and master.

The poor man to him was the working man. And my father, a worker himself, believed passionately in the dignity of Labour.

And though he toiled all his life and reaped little or no reward, yet he did live to see the day when Labour's voice was raised in the councils of the State and the status of the worker had been raised beyond that of a wage slave.

Now Labour has come into its own—or, at least, is being appreciated at its true worth.

How the shades of those who led the long, bitter fight to improve the lot of workers in Britain must smile—perhaps a little cynically—at the new line-up.

Beaverbrook called for planes. He did not appeal to the public schools, the diplomats, the well-to-do.

A son of the people, he called to the people.

His call was heard. He got the planes.

Beaverbrook wants 30,000 tanks. Again he throws on the workers—those Browns, Smiths and Robinsons—the burden.

And again they shoulder the task, breaking record after record in production.

Ask, and it shall be given unto ye.

Men of Beaverbrook's calibre appreciate the response of Labour.

They know that this is Labour's war; that every man behind a machine, every docker, every steelworker, every plater, every fitter, every turner, every riveter, every puddler is in the front line.

This is the New Nobility. This is the new and significant line-up.

False values have crashed, never, I hope, to be brought to life again. Labour, the true wealth, is our greatness.

And having paid the price, in blood and sweat and tears, Labour will have the right to demand that the New Nobility will continue.

It is the reward which neither State nor individual shall deny them

Hot Targets for To-morrow

★ Admiration of the daring R.A.F. daylight sweeps over France is mingled with surprise when the targets bombed are announced. Are our punches being pulled for some mysterious reason

Asks CARL OLSSON

ONE hour's flying distance away by Stirlings and Manchesters, by Wellingtons, Whitleys and Hampdens, there are *at least* eight factories working night and day turning out tanks for Germany.

Turning out tanks to smash Russia, to deliver the long-awaited attack on the Suez Canal and the road to India, *and*, if the plans of the German General Staff work out, to take part in the final assault on this embattled island.

Some of these factories, under their own roofs, can make as many as 40 tanks a month. Good tanks. *Tanks which have already been used in the attack on Moscow.*

With the known capacity of other units of heavy industry it is no overestimate to put the probable output at about 320 tanks a month. And 320 tanks is the equipment of a German armoured division. One *panzer* division a month.

All those factories are in France. Not a bomb has dropped on any one of them. Is it because they are in France?

Three of the biggest of those factories (the Renault, Citroën and Hotchkiss works) are situated in the Seine valley just to the west of Paris.

Pilots, back from a daylight sweep over France, would much rather tell of bombed factories

Nothing Missed

Last bombs to fall in that valley were German bombs—on June 3, 1940, a fortnight before the city opened its gates to the Nazi army. A few of the 1,000 bombs dropped that day hit the Citroën works. They were the last.

Tanks, being made, cannot be piled in warehouses. They have to "go places," to be used. They are put on rail (to save track wear) at nearest convenient points to go across Germany, to the Balkans and Italy. Before being loaded they must be assembled somewhere.

Now one of the most efficient and gallant branches of the R.A.F. are the aerial reconnaissance units. Many times a day, in fair weather and foul, against every kind of enemy opposition, they bring back their pictures covering all enemy and occupied territory, building up a complete photo mosaic of the Western Front.

Nothing moves without they know it. They could even spot the dummy under the camouflage netting at Brest—the ship got up to resemble the *Scharnhorst*.

Do you think, then, that such tank movements will have escaped them?

But I wonder if members of the War Cabinet who decide on bomber "subjects" have made a point of inquiring into the possible existence of such assemblies. Because at this moment of writing we have not heard of any attacks on such targets. On the other hand, there are plenty of reports of French-made tanks in action on the Russian front.

If the tank is Queen of the battle (to use a favourite military phrase), then the aeroplane is its consort.

Day and Night

Yet the aeroplane factories of France, too, are working night and day for Germany, pouring out new bombers and fighters, making aero engines, repairing bombers damaged on raids over Britain and the fighters damaged in combat during our offensive sweeps.

Side by side with the tanks output, aeroplane output for the enemy steadily goes ahead. And not only in France, but in Belgium, Holland, and even Denmark.

The majority of these factories are within, at most, two hours' flying distance of our bombers, and they are relatively undefended. The Hun keeps his "flak" for the defence of Germany, for the Channel and Atlantic ports.

But in all the sixteen months since France fell and these factories started working for Germany, only two of them have been bombed.

The last raid was on the big Potez bomber works near Albert, on the Somme, during June. There was one raid only, and from the published photographs it is quite evident that the factory was not put permanently out of action.

If you think that the output of these aircraft works is negligible, consider these facts.

Handed Over Intact

When the Germans marched in, France had 26 "Nationalised" factory groups, many of them with "shadow factory" subsidiaries as in this country, and all of them headed by the giant Government Air Arsenal at Villacoublay, near Paris. They were "tooled up" and stepping into full production while the "*sitzkrieg*" was on, and were handed over intact.

Some of them, like the Amiot bomber works at Cherbourg, the Breguet fighter factory at Nantes-Bougenais, the Bloch factory at Villacoublay, and others which I saw when I was in France during the early months of the war, are as big as anything we have in Britain. But the position and size of them all is known to our Air Intelligence.

To-day, like the great Dewoittine factory at Toulouse, which is run for Junkers, most of them have German masters like Dornier, Messerschmitt and Heinkel.

France was the third biggest motor manufacturing country in the world before the war (Germany was a bad fifth). To-day the huge aero engine factories of Hispano-Suiza, Gnome-Rhone, Salmson, and many others, are all under the control of the German B.M.W concern (Bavarisches Motor-Werke).

There are many other factories going full blast for Germany. The giant Loth factory, for instance, near Paris, which makes bomb-sights, precision instruments, sound locators, searchlights, aircraft cannon.

Grouped round the city of Le Creusot, in the Saone district, is a Sheffield and a Birmingham combined. All of them working for the enemy, all of them as apparently safe from harm as if they were across the Atlantic.

Why, while we are fighting for our lives, and when our only hope of victory is to outstrip the enemy in production, do we permit our late Allies to add their quota to our ruin, and to help the destruction of the only Ally we have left?

Is there some hidden hand at work? Is there someone who is saying: "No! We mustn't risk killing Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Danes?"

Yet every day we broadcast to French workmen telling them to get to safety when the sirens sound—for the bombers which never come.

And, on the other hand, we have reason to believe those same Frenchmen tell us almost every day (by means I need not describe): "Come and bomb us. Bomb such-and-such a wing of the factory at such-and-such a time." Pleas and instructions which for some reason are ignored.

There are a great many people in this country who try to convince themselves and others that the French workman, the Belgian and the Dutchman simply will not labour for the enemy. It is a vain and foolish belief.

The Germans have so arranged matters that it is a case of work or starvation for craftsmen and their families. It is a case of either work in home factories or be deported for labour in Germany.

The Frenchman is probably the best "saboteur" in the world if he sets his mind to it. The very name is French. But he does not get a chance. The Nazis know how to deal with that kind of thing, or with ca'canny and strikes. They shoot some innocent hostages in the town or put the entire factory staff and their families on quarter rations for a month.

These facts about enemy war production in the occupied territories raise another question. It is not presumptuous to ask it. It is a duty.

Is there something radically wrong with the so-called "long-term" bombing policy of the higher authorities at the Air Ministry?

The key to that policy can now be discerned. It is *transport*. Night after night we send our bombers over Germany to blow holes in railway lines and marshalling yards.

No marshalling yard in this country has been out of operation for long through enemy action. How long do you think Germany takes to fill in holes in railway lines—with 1,000,000 prisoners to draw upon?

Easily Repaired

There is evidence that Germany, with loot from conquered countries, now has four times as much rolling stock as it had when the war began.

Mr. Churchill himself recently said that transport is no longer a difficulty in Germany, but aircraft supplies are. Then why do we allow our late friends to go on making them for the enemy?

The other night we put 300 bombers over Germany. Some made an eight-hour journey through heavily defended country to find unfamiliar targets.

Over the war factories of the occupied countries, and on the basis of the same journey times, we could put 600, or even 1,000 bombers on any given night, and with less risk. To knock out those factories is a quicker way of helping Russia than sending tanks and aircraft to Russia, and a certain way of helping ourselves.

Why—Why—Why?

Let me end on this point. Mr. H. J. Lord, production manager of one of the biggest aircraft concerns in Britain, in a recent letter to *Flight*, quoted the very serious allegation made in the American technical Press that Germany is already getting more aeroplanes and war material each month from France, Belgium and Holland than we are getting from the United States.

He wanted to know why.

So does the whole country.

HUMAN MACHINE

BROKEN IDOLS

● War is a great smasher of idols. More things than buildings are being knocked down to-day. And impossibilities are becoming certainties.

There is a lesson in all this that is plain to see. It is one that has been preached here for years.

It is simply that to the human brain nothing is impossible. The greatest difficulties can be surmounted by the resolute will. The grimmest obstacles can be overcome by resolute courage.

At heart we all resent progress. If we're honest, we'll admit it. Progress disturbs us; it unsettles us; it prevents us doing just as we've always done before.

To-day, if we're wise and wide-awake, we can use even the war to our advantage. We can take the chances that are all around us for getting rid of a lot of mental chains.

We can step out and breathe freely.

No one is going to help us remain mentally muscle-bound and spiritually petrified.

The bogus dignity of doing as we have always done, of pretending that tradition and habit have something intrinsically good in them, has gone—let's hope—for ever.

To-day, the new, the enterprising, the audacious and the daring are the nation's mental aristocracy.

There's no excuse any more for anyone to continue living in the mental slums of "It can't be done."

Wake up! This is your chance. Start in right now to think and to reason and to experiment with yourself. Find yourself.

THUNDER OVER THE PA

NOW the spot-light shifts to the Pacific. The fall of Konoye and the advent of the extremist Tojo to power is a portent. It is a pistol pointed at the head of Roosevelt. Will it be fired? If so, when, where and how?

No one awaits the answer more anxiously than Hitler does. He has had two major disappointments. His attack on Russia has fallen disastrously short of expectation. A sudden, irresistible swoop and "the war in the East would be over."

That was the calculation. But the war in the East is not over. Hitler is in Russia for the winter.

The fact is linked with his other disappointment. Japan has let him down. If she had flung herself at Russia's eastern front last June, Hitler's great gamble might have come off.

But, warned by Italy's experience, Japan stood pat. She decided, in the words of Admiral Toyoda, that Japan ought not to join in the European war until it was all over bar the shouting. Events confirmed this caution.

Indeed, Mr. Teiichi Muto, the Goebbels of the Japanese Press, recently expressed the view that Germany, having suffered such monstrous losses in Russia, ought to make peace with that country before her strength is so depleted that she will not be able to defeat Britain.

By A. G. GARDINER

It follows, therefore, that the upheaval which has brought Tojo to supreme power in Japan is not due to a desire to get involved in Russia and the European war.

BUT WAR TO-DAY, LIKE PEACE, IS INDIVISIBLE. IF TOJO UNLEASHES IT IN THE PACIFIC IT WILL BE MERGED IN THE WORLD WAR.

* * *

AND that is what Hitler most urgently wants. For it would, he assumes, help him not only in his conflict with Russia, but in his war in the West.

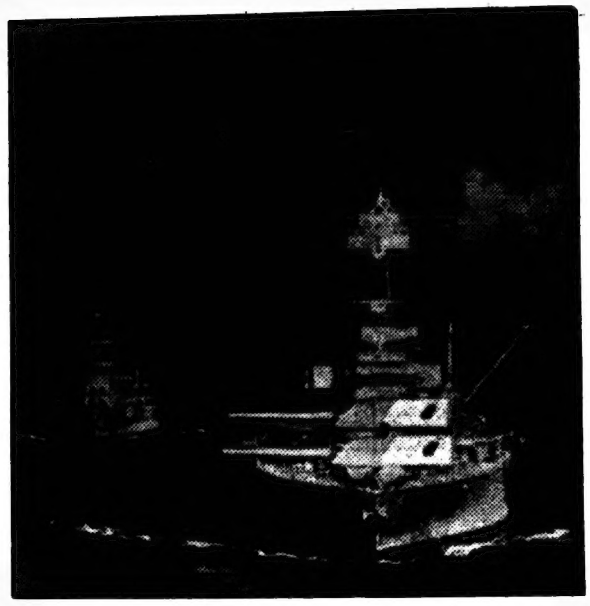
He no longer nurses the hope that he can keep the United States out of the war, and he would rather see her hands full in the Pacific than free to throw her whole weight into the Atlantic struggle.

But if Tojo decides on war it will not be to pull Hitler's chestnuts out of the fire. He can help Hitler now, but Hitler can do nothing to help him until he has conquered Britain.

It will be because Japan is in so desperate a plight that she must risk everything on a gamble for victory. And she must risk it now.

To understand Tojo's dilemma, let us recall the salient facts. Ten years ago in Manchuria Japan set out for the goal she had long had in view. It was the conquest of China, the hegemony of Asia, and the lordship of the Pacific from Saghalien to Australasia. No less.

Thanks to the criminal blindness of the Western Powers, and, later, to their pre-



It would suit Hitler's book to have a large part of the U.S. navy embroiled in war in the Pacific

occupation with Hitler, she was allowed to pursue her plot unchecked.

To-day she is in possesssion of the whole seaboard of Asia from Manchuria to the borders of the Malay Peninsula. Her vast dream is in sight of fulfilment.

But the clouds are gathering. Her outlook darkens. Had Hitler's *blitzkrieg* last year wiped Britain off the map all would have been plain sailing. Had China succumbed, as she was expected to, Japan would have been in sight of total victory.

But neither of these things happened. Time was lost to Japan and the tide began to turn. The democracies woke up to the terrific peril they had allowed to take shape.

They began to lend support to the heroic Chinese, who had so valiantly resisted the mass massacres which the sub-human hordes inflicted on them.

They turned the economic screw. They limited the supply of war material which they had been pouring into Japan to enable her to crush China. They froze her credits and cut off her markets.

* * *

MOST important of all, the United States saw the red light. A challenge in the Pacific was a menace to her existence.

There was no British Navy there to keep her enemies at bay and her "isolationists" comfortable in their beds. If Japan got control of the Pacific her fate was sealed.

SHE ACTED. AND HER ECONOMIC STRANGLEHOLD IS SO DECISIVE THAT HER ACTION SCARED JAPAN. FOR THE UNITED STATES IS THE SOURCE OF HALF HER TRADE AND HALF HER RAW MATERIAL FOR WAR.

Hence her panic-stricken squeals and menaces. Hence her clamours to Washington to lift the embargoes, to loosen the rope round her neck.

And hence Tojo, to roll the drums of war in the ears of President Roosevelt and scare him into surrender.

All in vain. There has been, and will be, no weakening by President Roosevelt. He has no "isolationist" fanatics to crab his action in this case. For the Japs have no friends in America. And, on the other hand, China has always found in the United States her most loyal and disinterested supporter.

* * *

SO the fire-eating Tojo is faced with this alternative. Either he must accept the Washington policy with all its consequences. That is, he must see his own supplies cut off while American tanks and planes and tankers steam by on the way to Russia.

He must accept the early exhaustion of Japan's war machine. In other words, he must accept ultimate defeat.

Or he must throw in his lot with Hitler now and risk all while he has resources with which to fight.

If he decides to fight, in what direction will he fight? There has always been a conflict on strategy between the Japanese army and navy. The former, naturally, favour continental war; the latter favour naval adventure.

In the first case, the main target would be Vladivostok and the Siberian front. In the second it would be Singapore, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

SWAFFER LIFTS

ARE WE ALL RIGHT FOR SHELLS?

● As the Government has at long last realised that we want tanks, and Beaverbrook urges the workers to make 30,000, one might ask pertinently what next we shall be told we need.

When Beaverbrook was put on to make aeroplanes, we heard of nothing else but 'planes. Now there is a tank shortage, we hear only of tanks.

In fact, we seem to hear of little production except that on which Beaverbrook is at the moment engaged.

It was as long ago as last April that High-ups in Whitehall were annoyed because the Press demanded "factories for tanks, aeroplanes, guns and equipment of all kinds."

We have the 'planes, we are now told, and we shall soon get the tanks.

But 30,000 tanks will require prodigious quantities of ammunition. Is that need being planned for now?

But what about the rest of the equipment? Our productive effort seems to need a Beaverbrook in every department. At least he gets a move on.

WHY MANNEQUIN PARADES?

● They will go on, despite the Government's appeal to save instead of spending.

It would almost seem as though certain of the luxury trades are openly defiant of pleas made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Kindersley.

Some stores even use posters advising their customers to save their coupons in order to purchase, later on, some quite unnecessary extravagance.

PACIFIC

A Siberian campaign in mid-winter does not seem a practical proposition for a warm weather army like the Japanese.

AND THERE ARE TWO OTHER SNAGS. VLADIVOSTOK IS IN BOMBING RANGE OF JAPAN'S WOODEN CITIES WHICH WOULD GO UP LIKE SMOKE UNDER ATTACK. AND THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE EAST IS MORE FORMIDABLE THAN ANY THAT JAPAN COULD PUT IN THE FIELD AT ONCE.

But it would suit Hitler's book if Tojo hammered at the back door of Russia.

If, on the other hand, the target were Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, Tojo would find a hot welcome. Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, has stated that all the Powers are co-operating for the defence of the Pacific against aggression and there can be no doubt that the United States is of the company.

That again would suit Hitler's book in so far as it weakened the U.S.A.'s part in the Atlantic war.

But it is possible that Tojo is beating the drum and showing his teeth only in the hope of getting what he wants by threats.

Japan has bluffed her way to fortune so successfully in the past that she may well think that its resources are not exhausted.

Meanwhile, the best defensive preparation the A, B, C, D front can make is to pour munitions into China.

Give the Chinese arms and, above all, aeroplanes, and Tojo will not be in a position to look for trouble elsewhere.

More Reasons For Airfield Delays

★ British bombers lie idle while contractors who should be supplying them with runways are nosing round the countryside for their own private gains, says

MAURICE FAGENCE

HERE'S something we are apt to forget—that every bomber America builds for Britain means a tremendous new task for this country.

It can't bring its own aerodrome with it. Nor can you allot it part of Hyde Park and expect it to carry on.

That bomber is of no value whatsoever to the Royal Air Force until it has the gigantic runway necessary to permit the lifting of great loads of bombs.

And *its own small share* of a runway entails:

Excavating three thousand tons of top-soil.

Blasting, transporting and laying five thousand tons of solid rock for aerodrome foundations.

Raiding the nearest *pits for thousands of tons of sand and gravel.*

Supplying hundreds of tons of cement.

And sending to the spot, in properly balanced teams, the biggest and fastest contractors' machines, which alone are capable of doing such big jobs at speed.

All that, and more, is merely to supply the bomber with *its own share* of an aerodrome.

Therefore, there is no time for comforting reflections when we get news of the latest step-up in American aircraft production.

Indeed, that is where our toil and sweat really begin. Or *should* begin.

For a week spent on vast aerodrome sites, in contractors' offices, in quarries and pits, among lorry drivers and navvies, has taught me that there, in actual fact, start Chaos, Squabble, Muddle and Ineptitude.

The aerodromes are not getting the raw materials.

That's why they are months, even a year, behind. That's why fleets of big, beautiful bombers are immobilised as effectively as if they have been shot down.

Now, when the Air Ministry wants a new aerodrome, it puts the job in the hands of a main contractor.

Incredible, but—

You would imagine that the main contractors would be delighted to find that the bulk of the materials could be quarried near by.

But it doesn't follow.

I have come across case after case where the main contractor has refused such ready-to-hand supplies, and has spent weeks nosing round the district with compressor-driven drills to see if raw materials are hidden under local fields.

Some of them want to start their own companies to supply themselves with raw materials.

One of them found the limestone he wanted after weeks of searching, and was still removing top-soil round about the time when the aerodrome was due for completion.

I stood at the gates of a big quarry the workers of which had fully exposed all the stone necessary to finish a hopelessly lagging aerodrome three miles away.

It was stone as good as you'll find for a hundred miles round. And there it was stacked high, and waiting for the lorries that never came—at a price of 5s. 6d. a ton *delivered.*

Burning Money

But the main contractor preferred to go seven miles away to his own newly acquired quarry—and the transport charge alone for that limestone was 7s. a ton.

I went to one such quarry.

The effort of building an approach road to that hillside, and removing the hundreds of thousands of tons of top-soil from the stone, would pretty well have sufficed to have excavated the aerodrome itself.

Yet nearer to the aerodrome site were several quarries with all the first-class stone required—waiting to be picked off the face.

Arthur Woodburn, M.P., hit the nail on the head in an article in *Forward*, in which he referred to firms with a double interest—winning the war *and* safeguarding their position in the competitive struggle they see coming after the war.

I cannot think they are unpatriotic enough to start these unnecessary quarrying companies to escape excess profits taxation.

But whatever the reason, they must be made to keep to the work they understand—and they must not be permitted to compel quarrymen who have been all their lives quarrymen to stand idle and bitter among their own unwanted stone.

That is greediness out of hand.

This is worse: Some of these big contractors have opened up an aerodrome site and then gone along to small stone-quarry, gravel-pit or shingle-bed proprietors in the district and said:

"You think thirty tons a day a lot. We'll be wanting as much as four hundred, five hundred tons. You'll want staff. You'll want machinery. Get a move on."

The heads of the little men whirl. They take on staff. They saddle themselves with £70, £100, £200 worth of new overheads a week.

They seek excavators, find they are £1,500 to £4,000 apiece, where they are obtainable at all. Then cheerfully undertake to pay rentals of from £30 to £40 a week for each excavator.

They seek dumpers, compressors, washing-plant, and other auxiliary machines.

Little they know that they are only filling in a gap while the main contractor tries to buy some other quarry or pit miles away—transport costs being no problem when the State can be made to pay.

Or, perhaps, that this main contractor is sinking little holes in all the neighbouring fields to sell raw material to himself.

Just Makeshifts

Suddenly they find themselves frozen out—realise that they have been used merely to enable some big aerodrome contractor to start his own supply company without unduly delaying the job.

I have met small men who allege that main contractors have condemned their material—and have then supplied far worse material to the Air Ministry.

That is a serious charge. As I am no judge of qualities in contracting materials, I leave the complaint in the hands of the Air Ministry for investigation.

But I *do* know of the machinery muddle.

You wouldn't buy a board-hard field and employ one man to dig it and three hundred men to follow him up dropping potatoes in the newly turned soil.

Just 299 of your followers-up would have nothing to do.

But monster machines for filling in holes have to lie idle because there aren't equally monster excavators engaged making the holes.

I stood in one contractor's office after another and heard callers at their wits' end for these heavy machines.

Fabulous Prices

There are men who have bought up these machines as a deal, knowing they can get fabulous prices.

They are not trading in machines. They are trading in the safety and future of this country.

Aerodrome-lag here in Britain is the worst bottle-neck to American aircraft production

It will continue to be so while we tolerate for years what our Russian allies wouldn't tolerate for one minute, which is why she can build aerodromes for bombers in thirty days.

NEXT WEEK: More Production Muddles.

IFTS THE LID

Compulsion should be used.

What, for instance, is the good of Lord Kindersley asking the public to save half of the £340,000,000 spent annually on tobacco?

If it is necessary, the Government should halve the amount of tobacco allowed to come in ships needed for other things.

HOW CAN GERMANY REINFORCE LIBYA?

● The fact that while we are assured four-fifths of her armed force is being hurled against the Russians, Hitler can still afford to spare a complete *panzer* division to reinforce his Tripoli army is one of the most disturbing features in the news.

It is explained by the fact that, whereas Great Britain's 45,000,000 are, on paper, fighting only 80,000,000 Germans, the truth is that for over a year the Nazis have been forcing not only labour but skilled craftsmanship from countless millions of conquered slaves.

We boast of the way in which the R.A.F. have destroyed munition factories in the Rhineland and the Ruhr. Yet we know that air attacks here have not done much to damage our war machine.

We have been too optimistic in every regard. The complacent way in which the news is read by the B.B.C. announcers is largely responsible.

SHOULD THE FUTURE LOOK AFTER ITSELF?

● We are fighting two wars at once—the war against Hitler and an intricate campaign against post-war chaos.

Many argue that we should leave the future to take care of itself and do nothing but concentrate on victory in the field.

The answer to this is that the brains now being used to plan a post-war world are not the brains needed for present-day problems.

They are architects, for whom otherwise there would be no work; economists, with nothing else to do, and scientists of the type not needed for work in war. They are calm minds of the type that are the best for planning, but unsuited to urgency.

Without a post-war plan, we might face revolution here, and certainly starvation and pestilence on the Continent on a scale that might even kill off half the population.

WHY DO CRIMES COME IN WAVES?

● This question is asked because five murders, more or less of the same type, now engage Scotland Yard's attention. Actually, it must be merely a coincidence.

In days of peace, the publication of long details of a murder may cause weak-minded folk to imitate it.

Now, when news of much greater importance causes the condensation of murder stories, nothing of the kind happens.

Normally, the number of people convicted of murder in England and Wales averages about thirty a year. Of these, one-sixth are classified as the result of drink, and another sixth as being caused by jealousy, one-eighth by revenge, and one-ninth by quarrels or violent rage.

Few of these were imitative crimes.

You often see a "crime wave" in the chance that a dramatically minded "crime expert" has put certain facts together and then an editor has seen in it a startling headline.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

BIG POTATO MUDDLE

LOOK on these two facts—and weep!

Potatoes may have to be rationed before the winter is out. The Ministry of Food has the necessary machinery ready. Yet thousands of tons of potatoes grown with the help of a substantial State subsidy, so that we shall manage through the winter, are being fed to the pigs!

The reason won't sound unfamiliar to you. Just plain Muddle.

Having spent millions of pounds of the taxpayers' money to ensure that the necessary potatoes are grown, Officialdom now permits these supplies to be poured on to an already glutted market, regardless of what happens to them.

Cheap for Pigs

And the deplorable results can be described by representatives who have been looking round on my behalf.

KING'S CROSS (THE MAIN POTATO RECEIVING AND DISTRIBUTING CENTRE FOR LONDON): One firm alone had disposed of 15 tons for pig food on the morning of my representative's arrival. Almost every firm gets rid of big quantities in this way every morning.

STRATFORD MARKET: One firm told my reporter they had sold 150 tons altogether for swill tubs. Other firms sold big quantities pretty well every day.

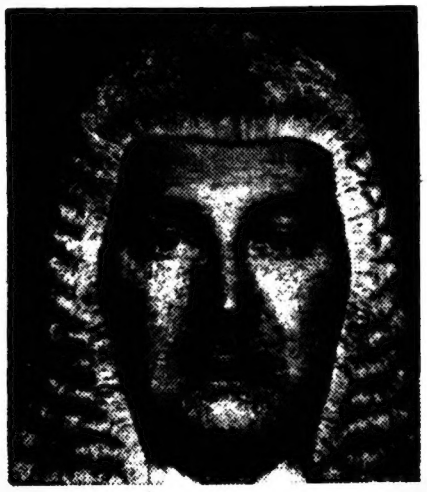
BRENTFORD MARKET: Many notices displayed "Potatoes Cheap for Pig Food."

A commission agent said he had sold scores of tons that were going bad for 50s. a ton.

He added that the official selling price is £8 a ton, but many farmers didn't care what they got, because they were already getting their £10 an acre subsidy for crops sown—which, I must stress, represents his own private opinion, not mine.

Apparently no action of any kind had been taken by the Ministry of Food to stop this wicked waste.

These figures must be multiplied some hundreds of times to give a true picture



Mr. W. P. Spens, K.C., M.P., is Chairman of a National Vegetable Committee which has not yet been asked to deal with potatoes!

of what is happening over the country as a whole.

The Food Ministry has recently set up a National Vegetable Marketing Committee to see such scandals don't arise—Chairman, Mr. W. P. Spens, K.C., M.P.

But it merely takes charge of a particular vegetable as the need arises. As yet it looks after onions and carrots only.

We want no one-vegetable-one-department nonsense. It must be made responsible for *all* vegetables, *NOW*.

Let us peer more deeply into the muddle.

You may remember that there was a recent potato famine, with housewives queueing up, and happy to get meagre supplies.

Farmers were tempted to dig up large quantities before they were fully grown.

It was a gamble with our late winter supplies, but, in view of the huge quantities sown, the danger didn't seem a serious one.

However, the 1941 crop proved to be a small one. And, due to the weather, a lot of disease was present in it.

The yield was therefore smaller than anticipated, and the percentage of potatoes harvested that were sound enough for keeping till late winter was a far smaller one than usual.

Under these circumstances the shadow of future rationing fell over the land, and the need for conserving supplies became vital.

But see what is happening.

Few people want the farmers' potatoes at this moment. Millions who have dug for victory haven't reached the end of their home-grown supplies yet.

Experts say that the farmers should keep their potatoes in the ground as long as possible in these circumstances. They recommend digging in early November, and then clamping everything that will keep.

Not Wanted

Instead, vast supplies have been dug up in the last few weeks, many of them of the best keeping variety, and pushed on to a glutted market to become pig food—or rot.

Some growers have pushed all their crop on to a market which doesn't want the stuff—haven't taken the trouble to clamp a single ton.

So there will be queues again. There may be rationing.

There may even be a potato famine. It all depends on whether the Ministry of Food wakes up to the danger.

It is late—but not yet too late.

Police Trail Bogus Heroes

WAR heroes, spurned by the Government, on the road, penniless.

No pension through yet, no dole, no chance of work, no means of support, despite all the sufferings they have endured in this war. . . .

That's the sort of heartrending story quite a small army of impostors are spinning to-day to wring money from sympathetic but easily deluded women.

Though the amounts some of them obtain in individual cases are small, they do extremely well in the long run, as I shall show.

Chief among their number is a man who uses several names, and who called at a victim's house a few weeks ago, looking miserable and supported by a crutch. He said he had served in France last year, had lost a leg, and, owing to the delay in obtaining a pension, was reduced to selling brushes and toothpastes from door to door to support his wife and child

A friend had helped him to lay in a stock of goods, so, believing him, the woman gladly bought inferior goods for cash.

Later on he returned minus the crutch. "See a difference in me?" he asked.

Good fortune, apparently, had smiled upon him, and in the meantime he had been fitted with an artificial leg and obtained a position with a certain Health Committee (which he named) that he was to take up shortly.

He must, of course, dispose of his "stock," and had decided to give his earlier clients the first chance of buying up cheaply anything they wanted.

The woman, still deceived, handed over all she could spare for goods which have never been sent.

Several other women in the district have fared similarly. One parted with £2 10s., another with £7; and another, a poor, hardworking widow, with 12s.

Many "heroes" have never been on military service abroad, and manufacture their graphic stories.

Some often on an average raise as much as £8 a day by trading in this way upon the sufferings of genuinely wounded Servicemen.

Quite a number of such rogues now figure in the "Wanted" lists of Scotland Yard. Housewives, be on your guard!

A.R.P. Anxious to Know

MEMBERS of Civil Defence Services welcomed the formation of the "National Association for Civil Defence," incorporating the "National Association of Air Raid Wardens."

This Association possesses grand aims—the investigation of hardships, the presentation of complaints to proper quarters, square deals for widows and orphans of those deceased on duty, rectification of pension disputes, and the reabsorption into civil life of members incapacitated by injuries.

Complaints I have received about the Association's affairs leave me somewhat uneasy.

A balance-sheet, issued after many requests, reveals that a high percentage of the income has been swallowed in salaries and expenses.

The auditor's footnote runs: "My comments on the above accounts are contained in my letter dated July 25, 1941," but for some reason which mystifies the inquiring members still further, no explanation is given, or a copy of the auditor's letter supplied.

There may be a perfectly good explanation for what looks like bad administration. An earlier office was, I know, bombed.

But before it asks fresh members to enrol, the Association should obviously issue a full and frank statement.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. A. G. MICHIE, Victoria Crescent, Alnwick, Northumberland, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for providing me with material which led to a short warning.

Write to me about any subject needing inquiry or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Four Lures You Must Blacklist

AS is usual at this time of the year, I am inundated with queries about Football Pools.

Typical balderdash is issued by the Excel Club, Manchester (otherwise J. Slater), which seeks investments of £1 a week from members or 10s. a week from "half" members, against the suggestion that big dividends are to be earned.

There is no guarantee that anything substantial will be won at all, and I note that 10 per cent. of all winnings is deducted by the "Club" itself. Winnings of less than £5 are placed in a pool and shared by all who possess twelve shares or more.

What a bait!

★ ★ ★

THE Dunbar Trust, Union Street, Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales, advertises for a "director of standing."

Applicants receive replies from H. M. Alleyn, who pretends that he can raise tens of thousands of pounds for really sound business propositions, particularly if war work is entailed.

He needs preliminary sums from clients, however, to cover initial expenses.

This man has been associated with numerous companies in which investors have lost heavily, and has a shocking financial record. Bankrupt on two occasions, he first failed for £72,404, assets 19s. 11d.

Tell him to stay in Wales, though Mayfair (London) is the district he favours in better times.

★ ★ ★

"GOOD Luck of London."

This is the typical title on chain letters now being widely distributed, in which foolish people are told that great luck will come their way if they copy the letter four times and send it, with the one actually received, to friends, who must each follow their example.

It is emphasised that a well-known film star won £400 shortly after posting her copies, while a dance band leader lost a similar sum through breaking the chain.

It is all sheer nonsense, of course; but thousands of gullible people believe in it. Best place for such tripe is the wastepaper basket.

★ ★ ★

MANY readers have saved money through heeding JOHN BULL warnings about food "substitute" ramps, and I am glad to know that a thorough inquiry is now being made into the whole business by detectives attached to the Food Ministry.

I am preparing a blacklist of such profiteers and sharks, so if readers will send me details of their own experiences they may rest assured that the information will be well used.

THOMAS ARTHUR STOCKWELL'S swindles fill one of the biggest dossiers in my library.

I received hundreds of complaints regarding his persistent fleecing of amateur lyric writers who wanted their songs set to music. Constantly I urged the police to take action.

Last week he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' jail. Police, mentioning the help given them by JOHN BULL, stated that Stockwell had amassed a fortune of at least £150,000.

Incidentally, it was JOHN BULL that caused a certain sonnet to be sent to Stockwell, who praised it as "original."

That sonnet was written by Shakespeare!

VOICE of the TROOPS

OUR lads are certainly seeing life! This week's letters cover the whole range of human experiences.

To begin with, there's:

ADVENTURE

Royal Engineer 13254 writes to his family at Eccleston Hill, St. Helens, Lancs:

Our sergeant's life has just been saved by a camel!

At night, under cover of darkness, a party of thirty of us, led by this sergeant, were detailed to penetrate into enemy territory to a point at which there had been a great deal of activity during the day.

In the half-light we moved off fan-wise towards our objective.

Suddenly, as if they had sprung from the ground, two Italians gripped our sergeant, who was about eighty yards ahead of us.

The corporal, who at once took charge, gave orders to us to take cover, knowing that if we had attempted to fire we should have hit the sergeant.

Also, it was very important that our own position shouldn't be known—so we had to see the passing of our N.C.O. in silence.

At 1.30 the next morning we were amazed to be confronted with our lost pal.

He explained that just as he reached the Italians' quarters one of his guards was promptly seized and bitten by a camel.

A general mêlée followed—and in the excitement our sergeant slipped away into the darkness.

The information he brought back enabled us to go out with reinforcements and take possession of the Italian camp—a very nice bag indeed, with a number of men, much material, plenty of refreshments and drinks, and Kitty the camel!—R.E. 13254.

★ ★ ★

LOVE

Lance-Bombardier T. Gilmore, R.A., now in Gibraltar, tells wife at Bridge Street, Port Sunlight, Cheshire:

I've just lost a great little pal—only a mongrel. His name was Paddy.

He used to go to the bath-house with me when I went for my bath. He would jump up to share the water with me, just like an eager child.

He slept at the foot of my bed, and if it was very cold would creep into the blankets and push my feet over to one side to make room for himself.

He was very understanding, and was first at the guns if Jerry appeared, recognising the alarm.

Well, he has been killed in an accident. I could write a book about him. I wanted to have him buried at the gun-site, but I couldn't get permission. He was a great pal.—T. Gilmore.

★ ★ ★

SURPRISE

Mrs. Sparks, of Rose Cottage, Taillwyd, Neath, Glamorgan, is informed by her son, Driver W. L. Sparks, now out East:

I went to an Australian headquarters and said I was travelling to join a new unit—could I have bed and food for the night?

An officer said: "Sure, young fellow," and fixed me up.

They're fine fellows, these Aussies, if a bit mad. They carried my blankets, made my bed for me, and generally fixed me up well. Then one of them, a keen, lean-faced lad, asked me about myself.

Learning I was Welsh, they wouldn't let me sit down till I had sung to them.

Can you picture me singing "Dusty Shoes" with my pack still on my back and my rifle still slung over my shoulder, and plastered in dust? They nearly went balmy, and insisted on more.—Wally.

★ ★ ★

HUMOUR

Aircraftman R. H. Maund writes from the Middle East to his parents at Scribers Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28:

Five of us asked the time a primitive train ran, and, instead of being told, were motioned to follow the man.

He led us to a native village, the villagers falling behind us in a long procession, all shouting like heck.

At last we came to a gap between two huts. Inside it stood the most primitive car I ever saw in my life.

There were chickens on the roof and bonnet, goats tied to the wheels, and it also served as one end of a clothes-line.

The owner agreed to take the whole crowd of us to Ismailia for 7s., provided that we paid him in advance so that he could buy the petrol.

He opened the door, and it fell off. He wedged it, and we got in on the other side. An explosion, and we were off.

We were horrified to find that the front wheels kept jumping from the road towards the sky, due to the fact, we found, that a gigantic mound of natives was riding on the rear.

We got off to chase them away, but the driver didn't like it. They were his family, and he wanted them to taste the joys of motoring.

When we threatened to take charge of the vehicle ourselves, he proceeded without the family, blowing a terrible old horn every inch of the way.—Bob.

★ ★ ★

SHREWDNESS

Two letters fall under this head.

In one, to his mother at Upper Wortley, Leeds, Aircraftman J. C. Taylor tells how Service rumours originate, and why they often prove true.

And in the second Private Coldicott (247618) describes to his wife, who forgets to send us her address, how people out East know you come from Britain:

Letter 1.—It seems to all of us that we are going to reach a big port soon, and there are rumours that we are all going to get four days' leave when we get there—all based on the fact that we have been given a mild lecture on how to behave and conduct ourselves in a foreign city.—Aircraftman Taylor.

Letter 2.—People here know we are from England when they see our surprise at getting reminders of happy days in the shape of twenty-page newspapers. They are also amused to see how sparing we are with sugar and butter—sheer force of habit, for there is plenty of both here.—Private Coldicott.

★ ★ ★

SHOCK

Mrs. G. Price, of Burnside Road, Dagenham, Essex, learns from her husband, Lance-Corpl. G. C. Price, Middle East Forces, that caution says:

Charlie and I had some fun last night, dear, which didn't turn out so funny after all.

We went to a dance in a real "Wog" village. As we walked through the streets (!) with the native who invited us we were surrounded by native kids.

At the home of the wedding party we sat down to a meal of roast chicken, with heaps of highly spiced foods of different kinds, washed down with native brew.

We were sitting down waiting for the dancing girls to begin the can-can, when one of them twisted herself in knots, leaned backwards, placed her head in my lap, and asked for a "boora," or kiss.

Naturally, I obliged her. Then, all of a sudden, a fight broke out between two big, ugly natives—apparently because the man who invited us had asked "two Engleezi ombashi and askari"—in other words, us—to the function.

But, just as things got threatening against us, "Kopt," my native friend, got thirty of his family to surround us, with sticks and knives, to ensure that we didn't get knifed.

We were escorted in this quaint style until we came across a lorry that took us back to the camp.—George.

★ ★ ★

SKYLARKS

Brother Harold informs Mrs. E. Batley, of West Derby Road, Liverpool, from an address he can't yet divulge:

Reaching shore after five weeks on a ship is providing me with some of the best days of my life.

You should see us going round in rickshaws. It is wonderful the way the natives can keep on pulling them.

Then, at 11.30, when the pubs close, our lads put the natives in their own rickshaws and pull them round instead.—Harold.

★ ★ ★

DESIRE

A petty officer in the Navy is longing to get his hands on the Italians, and writes telling a relative, Mrs. M. Dutton, of Dingle Cottage, Dingle Lane, Haslington, exactly why:

I suppose you have heard by now that we nearly got our claws on a big bundle of Italians.

We thought we were going to have a good day, for they outnumbered us in every class of ship.

But they turned and ran like stoats. One of their battleships came into view with two cruisers, and we fired at her to encourage her to fight or to let her know we were not on a friendly visit.

But she hoisted her skirts and ran—and never even fired at us.

They got home and sent the local Air Force out to get their own back, but we had one or two boys waiting, who sent them home with a flea in their ears—all except two of their crews, who joined up with the harp party.

They are yellow without a doubt. They run away every time. I'm hanged if I know why they build a navy at all—it would be far better to spend their money on mines and coastal defence guns.

But we shall get them one day. I'm so sorry we haven't made a job of it yet, but they won't face up to it, and have fast ships and home near.—Petty Officer R.D.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

BREAKDOWN of the exchange-of-prisoners plan shows the truth of what our Government has been telling us for years—that any sort of understanding with present German leaders is impossible.—Mrs. Giltrow, Ealing, W.13.

★ ★ ★

I am a masseur and orthopædic worker with forty-four years' experience, some in war hospitals, have invented various special deformity splints, yet, because I have just passed sixty, all my efforts to help in winning the war have been turned down.—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

★ ★ ★

We soldiers billeted in a nobleman's stableyard in the West Country have hot meals sent in by a poor woman evacuated from the South Coast, but nothing but criticism from his lordship.—Three Soldiers, address withheld.

★ ★ ★

London magistrate, Mr. J. B. Sandbach, drives out of business two money-lenders who charged 75 and 55 per cent. interest. Puzzle is why, with more hard-hit people tempted to borrow, and interest rates down generally, the law permits blood-suckers to exact the permitted interest of 48 per cent.—J. Main, Belgrave Gate, Leicester.

May a newly joined W.A.A.F. tell all her sisters how bitterly I regret that I didn't join up sooner, which I will always consider one of the biggest mistakes of my life.—Sylvia Millington, Liverpool Road, Warrington.

★ ★ ★

I am a long-distance lorry driver who an hour ago picked up a footsore old man of eighty-three, who proved, beyond doubt, by his papers, that he had been discharged from hospital at Wincanton that morning and was on his way to the —— Docks to join his ship!—A. Cruse, Grove Cottage, Redlynch, near Salisbury, Wilts.

★ ★ ★

Plymouth Council turns down recommendation that it should give £5 gratuities to employee-heroes of the blitz, argues it would cause jealousy—forgetting that generals and admirals given bigger awards at the end of past wars haven't flown at one another's throats.—H. Haines, Plymouth.

★ ★ ★

I work in an office where civilians and soldiers do the same job for the same number of hours, one half (healthy Civil Servants under thirty-five) getting Civil Service rates, the other half Army pay.—Army Private, who asks payment to be sent to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

For two hundred years the sound of the silversmiths' hammer had been heard in his shop. Now, he decided, he would set out on a romantic quest

A SHOCK FOR MR. WICKENS

By Hedley Barker

OUT—*Back at* 4 *p.m.* T. Wickens (Established 1740) hung the card on his shop door, locked up, and mooched disconsolately down the silent street.

T. Wickens, Silversmith. Designs and estimates submitted free. Funny to think there had been a T. Wickens in George the Third's time; that the sound of the silversmiths' hammer had been heard in that shop for two hundred years.

And now. . . .

Well, now they turned out vases and trays and teapots by the hundred thousand. Mass production, that's what had killed the old craftsmen.

Once, T. Wickens had visited a factory, had seen mass production in action. Shears, presses, stamping-machines. The turn of a wheel, the swing of a steel table, a click, and there it was, a tray, the finished article.

That machine had dazed T. Wickens, he had come away from the factory a saddened man.

The turn of a wheel, the swing of a steel table, a click, and there it was—the writing on the wall.

T. Wickens turned into Villiers Road, Quietness was the keynote of his attire, with a flavour of the past. Black boots, a dark grey suit with no turn-ups to the trousers, a fob at his waistcoat, a black cravat.

Mr. Wickens walked on. *Out. Back at* 4 *p.m.* The implications of that notice hurt him. He would find nobody waiting when he got back. If anything had been needed to add the finishing touch the war had done that all right. Here he was, walking around the town with nothing to look at but shops closed for the duration. Just playing at business, that's what it was.

At the top of Villiers Road, Mr. Wickens bore left into Fielding Avenue, and passed right along it to the double-fronted, solid-looking detached villa at the very end.

His own. Not to mention other bits of property here and there. Cellini House he called it, after the great, the Master Goldsmith. There wasn't much about Cellini that Mr. Wickens didn't know.

HE turned in at the gate, let himself into the house, and closed the door.

"Well," said Mrs. Wickens, "of all the things!"

"I wondered," mumbled Mr. Wickens sheepishly, "if there might be a cup of tea going."

"Why," said Florrie, "certainly, Mr. Wickens. Sit down, won't you?" And then she looked at him, went on in a lower tone: "Out. Back at 4 p.m. Timmy, there's a change in you. It's getting you down."

Mr. Wickens sighed. "I *could* do to be a wee bit busier," he admitted.

"All those lovely hammers," sighed Florrie, "that your father used, and his father before him."

"Right back," nodded Mr. Wickens, "to the seventeen hundreds, some of 'em."

Mr. Wickens saw all at once a procession of christening-mugs, salt-cellars, toast-racks with exquisite filigree work, an angler's presentation cup with dolphins couchant and a lovely curving sweep to the handles; remembered with a pang the loving care he had put into their creation.

A faint smile marked his face. Not up to Cellini, no. Mr. Wickens had no illusions about his work. Just honest craftsmanship, that was all. Tolerable stuff that would bear comparison with the best.

"You've had a good innings," urged Florrie softly. "Close up, Timmy. Have done with it."

Already Mr. Wickens had half-decided and that clinched the matter. Now he turned with relief, almost with excitement, to the other matter which was on his mind. He wanted to make a gesture, pay a kind of tribute to his craft.

To find a master, that was his ambition, a silversmith of genius, a man whose work would live. And Mr. Wickens was convinced that there was such a man.

Somewhere, in some back street perhaps, in some dark attic, there lived a craftsman who had the way of beauty in his hands.

Mr. Wickens liked to think it would be a back street, a dark attic; of himself toiling up the stairs at the end of a long search to bring relief to the half-starved artist and proclaim him to the world.

Something romantic about that.

"I had in mind," he said, "five hundred pounds."

Florrie's cup went down with a crash.

"Timothy Wickens," she said, "you're crazy. How long have we been millionaires, I'd like to know?"

"We haven't done so badly, Florrie. I've always been a saving man. It'll be a sort of thanksgiving, see? Do unto others, if you know what I mean."

"I should think," said Mrs. Wickens severely, "you could do unto others on a good deal less than that."

"No point," urged Timothy, "in giving away what you can afford, my dear. And it'll be a nice holiday for us. We could go north, see the Lakes."

"We?" Florrie rattled the cups and saucers on the tray, flushed, tight-lipped. "You speak for yourself, Mr. Rothschild. Why, the fares alone 'll cost you I don't know what. Wicked, that's what it is. And I won't be a party to it."

MRS. WICKENS sniffed and wept a little. Timmy affected not to notice. He steeled himself, hardened his heart. He saw himself as a patron of the arts, just like the old nobles of the Renaissance. He even visualised himself with a place in history.

It was Timothy Wickens, himself a silversmith, who fostered the dying craft to such glorious ends. In nineteen-forty he it was who discovered in the slum district of Birmingham the genius whose name is to-day a household word.

There was nothing to keep him. Indeed, there was a gloomy atmosphere about Cellini House which he found impossible to bear, and the next day he made haste to get away from it.

His intention was to cover the country. Not all of it, of course, but those places from which he knew out of long experience that the good work came.

AND as for his ability to recognise a masterpiece when he saw it, he was sure of that. The art of the silversmith was in his blood. For fifty unbroken years he had practised it, day in, day out.

His own work, signed T. W., was well known in the trade; photographs of his more ambitious pieces had appeared in the *Silversmiths' Journal*, so that wherever he called he was made welcome.

Mr Wickens made no mention of his mission. He sat down in a variety of workshops and kept his eyes open. Sometimes a glance at the finished article in a silversmith's window was enough, and he turned away from many a door.

But with every new town he entered there was a thrill, an upleaping of his heart, a sense of adventure. "To-day," he would say to himself, "I shall be successful."

To-day, to-morrow, next week, next month. One day Mr. Wickens consulted his notebook. He had set out on April the tenth, and it was now July the fourteenth. Fifty towns visited, three months consumed, and nothing to show for his pains. Mr. Wickens began to lose heart.

And then, quite by chance, he fell into conversation with a stranger at his hotel. When he discovered that this stranger was a collector of silver he was delighted. Mr. Wickens told him of his mission.

The stranger smiled.

"In search of history, eh?" he said "Well, you've got a job on. But I think I can help you. It's rather fortunate that we met."

EXCITEMENT thumped in Mr. Wickens' breast.

"You mean——?"

"I mean that I know where your man is to be found. I think I may speak with a certain amount of authority. With all due modesty, my book on Georgian silver has become the standard work."

Mr. Wickens started. He had read that book. "Then," he said, "you must be W. A. Warburg?"

"That is my name."

"Dear me," said Mr. Wickens, "this is indeed an honour."

"Not at all. Now listen. I'll be only too happy to save you further time and expense. There's one man in England whose work compares with any of the great Georgians. I've been picking up examples of his work quietly for the last three years. Naturally, I haven't noised it abroad. That would only boost the price up, and I'm not a rich man."

"Quite, quite," nodded Mr. Wickens.

"But now," said W. A. Warburg further, "I've got a fairly good collection of his stuff. And next year I'm going to write a book about it that'll put him right on the map."

Mr. Wickens looked suddenly grave. All at once, he was moved by a dreadful twinge of disappointment. Gone was the honour of discovery, the wistful vision of a borrowed fame. Gone, too, was half the pleasure of giving.

And now W. A. Warburg crashed in upon his thoughts.

"Good heavens! I've got an appointment at eleven. Forgive me for running away. Look here—I'll write down the name and address"

The door closed. W. A. Warburg had gone. He didn't look at the card for some time. The blow to his hopes had been severe, and he sat down to recover from it.

A deep sigh came out of him. Not much of a tale to go home to Florrie with. How grand, what a triumph, to have anticipated W. A. Warburg; to have had his judgment vindicated in print!

Mr. Wickens drank up his whisky, looked sadly out of the window. Raining. What a day. What a fiasco.

"Fate," he muttered, "that's what it is. The turn of the wheel"

And then he took W. A. Warburg's card from his pocket, looked at the back.

T. Wickens, he read, 58, *Boar Lane, Barton-on-Sea.*

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to "John Bull" about It!

Girls Want More than Good Looks

By HUMANIST

READERS of JOHN BULL are generous-hearted people. When I wrote about a little boy who was being cruelly treated in his evacuation home I got scores of offers of hospitality for him.

No matter what problem is described, there are others who have had to face the same difficulty, and when the right solution is found it is readily passed on.

Six months ago I quoted two letters from lonely girls; recently I have had a number of letters from men in a similar plight. One begins:

I am twenty-eight years old, fairly good-looking, and I enjoy all kinds of sport.

I always join in fun when there is a chance, but somehow I don't know how to make a girl friend.

I have been out with one or two young ladies, but after they have been with me two or three times they fail to turn up for the next appointment.

I shall be going into the R.A.F. shortly, but before I go I should like to make friends with a girl, so that I should have someone to write to and fight for.

And here is another from a young fellow of twenty-five:

I am contented with my work, even though it has taken me away from my home.

Although no paragon of virtue, I don't smoke, drink, or swear. Yet, instead of being happy, I am very miserable—cursed with loneliness.

I have never bothered with the other sex, and now when I should be settling down to married life I find that all the best girls are either claimed by some other man or are indifferent to me.

Last Saturday I played the organ at my friend's wedding and, looking round at all the happy faces, I realised as never before that I have missed something in life.

Now I have reached a point when I begin to wonder if I should not do better to give up church and do a pub-crawl.

THESE letters, like many others in a similar vein, strike one as pathetic and ironical. Surprising, too, when we realise the thousands of solitary girls who are anxious to make men friends.

She need not be a highbrow, but at least she should have sense

When a man takes a girl out a few times only to be quietly dropped there must be some explanation.

He may be too dumb or he may talk incessantly—about himself. He may be too self-effacing or too aggressive, too solemn or too frivolous, too conceited, or too fussy.

He may be upset when he is teased; his temper may be on a hair-trigger; or he may be a consistent moaner.

He is pretty sure to be too something-or-other.

Physical appearance is an important factor, but I think we fail to recognise the charm of a good voice.

A comparatively plain woman may be delightful if she talks well—if her face lights up when she is happy or interested.

INTELLIGENCE must score heavily, too. How can a girl be considered charming if she has a pretty face, but talks as if she has no brain at all?

She need not be a highbrow, but at least she should have sense. And if she has wit and humour it is a pleasure to be in her company.

Mention of voice reminds me of a letter from a man of sixty:

Have you noticed that the women of to-day pitch their voices in a lower key than they did thirty or forty years ago?

They do, you know. There are some lovely low-pitched voices one hears on the wireless nowadays. Those of Miss Doris Arnold and Miss Kay Cavendish, for example.

In my young days it was considered aristocratic to speak in a thin, high-pitched voice, and most of the women affected it. To me it was always painful.

I fell in love with my wife's voice before I saw her face!

I am aware that the average man of my advanced age has little good to say of the young women of the present generation, but in my opinion they are a vast improvement on their grandmothers in a score of ways. (I bet you daren't print this!)

The change in women's voices may be due to a wider outlook on life or a feeling of greater confidence, but it is possible that the telephone has had some influence.

It is rarely necessary to shout even when addressing an audience. The good orator can make a whisper heard in a large hall, whereas the poor speaker who shouts and storms may produce no effect beyond a headache.

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE God always helps us, I believe Life holds a plan, I believe that Love is mightier than the hardships in Life's span. I believe that every trial has within it triumph's seed, I believe that human kindness is the thing our hearts all need.

I BELIEVE that Hope will vanquish all the things we fear and dread, I believe that deeds of Mercy will make bright the way we tread. I believe that each to-morrow brings with it a better day, I believe that God will answer every prayer we ever pray.

I BELIEVE that Life is never Master of the Living Soul, I believe there is no anguish beyond the power to console. I believe that in Life's crisis comes the chance to light Life's Cross with the splendour of the vision that sees all Heaven above earth's loss.

J. M.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Big Tales of the Little Man—V.

REAL-LIFE MR. CHIPS—HERO OF THE FLAMES

By Frank Stuart

HAVE you heard of Mr. Arnold? Of course not! He was just one of thousands of people who won no medals and sought no publicity—the people who beat the Blitz last winter.

James Lucas Arnold was a London schoolmaster.

You would not have called Mr. Arnold a brilliant scholar. He had no impressive degrees. He dressed a little dustily in suits of a faintly Edwardian cut. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and was slightly bald.

His children (it was his one joke that though he was a bachelor he had over a hundred children) knew him as "Old Chips."

In one of the big opening raids in the early autumn of last year he had suffered the loss of practically everything he possessed in the world.

A solitary bachelor, he had bought his own little house in a North London suburb, furnished it comfortably, and put all he had into it. One of the thousand uncounted bombs scored a direct hit on that little house and blew it to bits.

Homeless

Penniless except for what was in his pockets and a minute balance at his bank, utterly without possessions except the worn suit he wore, the little figure turned quietly away from the chaos in the street, walked to the Underground station from which he always travelled, and went to his school.

He was not late. In fact, none of his pupils ever remember him having been late.

He told no one of his disaster. He had no one to tell, and he was a shy, uncommunicative man. He had no living relatives, and no friends, except for his young assistant master, and one or two country schoolmasters.

Every night Arnold came down into the Tube shelter. He would read a book until 10 o'clock precisely, and then turn over and go to sleep.

Raid or none, he slept like a child till about 7 a.m. Then he got up, went out and got a wash and brush up and some breakfast, and went on to school.

All through the winter his classes were perfectly conducted, the school curriculum ran on steadily, and the children showed excellent progress.

One day he came to school with his arm in a sling.

His assistant asked him if the trouble was serious.

"No," Arnold said quietly. "I managed to break a collarbone last night. Silly thing to do, I'm afraid. But it will soon be better."

Shelter Hit

Months later a fellow-shelterer, a Czech doctor, with whom he played chess, told the rest.

There had been a big raid that night. Bombs had come thundering down.

One of them—not important enough to get any report to itself—had struck the end of a shelter near the Tube where the two men were sheltering.

There was a call for volunteers to help dig away the fallen brickwork and rubble and release some people pinned under it.

"Your little schoolmaster worked like a giant!" the Czech said.

"If your English are like that when elderly and slight as he was, my God, no one will ever beat you!"

While he was working a further collapse damaged his shoulder, but he carried on with one hand till the victims were dug out. Only then would he himself receive treatment.

Still he carried on at school, quietly, without fuss, steadily doing his job as if he lived in a college close, not in the focal point of the battlefront.

Towards Spring, Arnold and his Czech friend changed their sleeping quarters. Being deep underground was affecting their health. They went to a surface shelter.

In one of the raids that shelter received a direct hit.

Flaming Hell

From being a gathering of sleepy but cheerful people, it turned instantly into a hell.

Some timber had caught fire from a building collapsed near the end where the bomb had struck, and a spark from there ignited sawdust on the floor of the shelter.

Most of the occupants filed quietly out, but there had been a collapse at one end, and two women and a child were trapped there among the ruins.

Their cries could be heard, but rubble and earth had piled high over them, and the burning and leaping flames threatened them.

Steadily, fearlessly, A.R.P. men got to work to get them out, assisted by some of the men who had come out of the shelter.

At any second the whistle of another bomb might sound.

A hole was cleared down which, for a second, men could see the three victims. But before anything could be done the air entering the hole ignited a new fire in it.

Arnold was the first to plunge into the flames.

They leaped up, driving him back with scorched eyebrows and hair. He tried again, and was driven back again.

The fourth time he gripped something down there, and emerged safely, dragging the child clear. One of the women had passed it up.

The A.R.P. men saw that he was badly burned. They helped him away.

Women First!

"Never mind me—I'm all right," Arnold said. "Get those women out."

After several efforts the women were saved.

Arnold, injured, suffering badly from shock, was taken away to hospital. They had every hope of saving him.

But he worried. Even on the morning he was taken to the hospital he kept muttering: "Send someone to take the school. They mustn't be left without a master, you know. That will not do. Send someone to take the school. . . ."

Apparently it was worry at being away from his duty at least as much as his injuries that caused his final collapse. He got pneumonia and died.

Not a bit heroic!

Just a shabby little schoolmaster, a man no one had ever heard of; one of thousands who died in what historians will dryly record as "The Battle of Britain."

Britain's heart beats high to-day because these citizens of no mean cities did not quit, in face of the worst battering the enormous destructive powers of a maniac with a continent at his feet was able to devise.

NEXT WEEK: "He got the Samples Out."

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Irium can do the same "hey presto" act for *your* teeth. You will notice the difference in your smile. And so will everyone else. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser—and it *is* a cleanser! Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

★ PEPSODENT ★
THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

201-p-B

THE LAST LAUGH

M. S. (York).—"I pride myself upon having a keen sense of humour. I always laugh when there's anything funny to laugh at." You must have a jolly time when you're shaving.

PADDY (Lambeth).—"The other day I had a few more drinks than usual and started to fight a friend. A policeman arrived and wanted to take me to the station, so I gave him a punch on the nose and he went away." And you went with him?

M. R. (Leamington).—"I don't know whether I am worrying you too much with my questions about my walking tour, but what do you recommend me to do when I come to Land's End?" Keep straight on.

E. L. (Kingsbridge).—"I don't know what my girl's father sees in me to object to." Perhaps he objects because he doesn't see anything in you.

LORRY DRIVER (Manchester).—"I don't have much time for meals so I generally have a bite at the wheel." But don't you find that a bit tough?

H. D. (Putney).—"I hope you will like the enclosed manuscript. It was written in my odd moments." Could you let us see something you've written in your lucid intervals?

MRS. V. (Canterbury).—"I woke in the night to hear sounds below. I felt sure the house was being burgled and decided to hide beneath the bed, when I saw a man's leg sticking out from under it." Your husband's, of course?

C. M. (Kingston).—"I know a clergyman who sits up all night preparing his sermon." That can be funny if the sermon sends the congregation to sleep!

F. N. (Epping).—"My small son insists on calling our small garden shed Windsor Castle." He should grow up to be a successful estate agent.

N. M. (Kensington).—"My girl friend tells me that she always goes to bed on nights when she isn't with me. I can see her doing it!" How on earth do you manage that in the black-out?

R. K. (Morden).—"People are often too poor to go to plays." And plays are often too poor for people to go to.

F. G. (Huddersfield).—"What can I do to get rid of the waiter when he insists on hanging round my table?" Give him the tip.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"It is an ancient mariner, and he stoppeth one of three"

D. F. S. (Felling).—"Do you think that there is any reason in the argument that wearing a hat all the year round causes a man to go bald?" No. It's the hats his wife wears that make him lose his hair.

G. N. (Scarborough).—"Many women start out with the intention of having a home that is different." And end up by having one that is indifferent.

BOXER (Hackney).—"Before a fight I eat just one plate of fish." But of course you have a second helping during the contest.

W. F. (Royston).—"Hope will enable a man to surmount any barrier." But if you've left your season ticket at home it's not wise to try to climb over behind the collector's back.

L. A. (Chelsfield).—"When I regained consciousness I found myself in the centre of a group of friends, and all I asked for was a glass of water." And they thought you were delirious?

H. N. (Gosport).—"I have a device that prevents a cigarette showing a glow in the dark." We have a cigarette-lighter, too.

Side-Slips

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"... fined accused £2 with costs and he was given time in which to PLAY."

MONTGOMERY COUNTY TIMES:—"... wore a strawberry-coloured dress with navy accessories and a spray of HORSES."

"Mr. Bumble . . . . beholding a light shining through the glass window of the little parlour at the back of the shop, made bold to peep in. . . ."

GOOD LIGHT
Characterised by Mazda

Nowadays, Mr. Bumble would be hard put to it to "behold a light" shining through a window. But inside, the cheerful glow of Mazda Lamps is all the more welcome and will again shine out unrestricted on our streets when peace returns. Good light is a great blessing, and Mazda Lamps provide it at very low cost.

MAZDA
COILED-COIL LAMPS
The Nation's Light

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mrs. Lane has three bonny children under six years of age.

Before the war her husband's wages averaged £6 a week. Now he is serving in the Army, and his wife has failed in her struggle against debt. Rent takes £1 a week, various hire-purchase agreements and insurance amount to 13s. 9d.

Last June Mrs. Lane underwent a major operation. Because of financial worries, she has not yet completely recovered.

The children now need medical care, and the thought of facing the extra expenses of the winter is a terrifying prospect.

Will you send something to help this sick and hard-working mother in her difficulties? Will you enable her to tend the bright girl whose portrait you see here?

Donations should be earmarked "Mother," or for our General Fund, and posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There is no deduction for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,294

FIRST PRIZE £50.

Miss L. Tilson, 1, Harvey Road, Leytonstone, E.11.
Example: TO MAKE HENS RENT
Bullet: GOOD FOR "PUFFY'S BACKBONE."

£20: S. Lyelit, 33, Flowery Leys Lane, Alfreton, Derbys
Example: The Leftwards
Bullet: Germany "Overhauling"—So's Britain!

£10: F. Tyldsley, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs
Example: He Had A Medal, But
Bullet: Spake Of King's Smile.

£5: J. Docherty, 8, Mansion Ave., Woodhall, Port Glasgow.
Liberty's Life-blood—Red Tape's "Tourniquet"
Wasting.

£4: C. Haythorpe, 39, Rock St., Oldham, Lancs.
He Had A Cookie, But—RAF's "Eggs" Silencing Gunning.

£3: L./Cpl. R. Taunton, 7933773, Royal Armd. Corps, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Round Hitler's Neck—Already Rope? You've "Donkey"!

£2: Miss M. Morgan, 2, Glenfield, Derwent, Workington, Cumb.
War Workers—"Delivering Goods"—Shopping Difficult.

10s.: C. Tumble, 2, The Woodlands, London Road, Wivelsfield, Brighton.
He, Stick-in-the-mud—"Really Mad—" Howdy Roads.

10s.: J. Stewart, 194, Hayley Green, Halesowen, nr. Birmingham.
Smouldering Volcano—Where Hitler Expected "Anti-Aerop."

10s.: W. H. Beattie, 18, Landrock Rd., Crouch End, N.8
How To Get Asunder—Mandible. Don't "Shoot Commando"!

10s.: G. Holden, 6, Victoria St., Clayton, Bradford.
Shelter From The Serpent's Eye—Behind Britons' Bombs!

10s.: C. E. Schooling, 194a, Hertford Rd., Enfield.
Smouldering Volcano—Beneath Inflictive Barber's Lather!

A list of 3 Winners of 20s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN X-WORD No. 246

WINNING WORDS:—1, Pal. 2, Ego. 3, Sense. 4, Acid. 5, Pipe or Pipe. 6, Bank. 7, Down. 8, Sin. 9, Dress. 10, Also. 11, Add. 12, Gin. 13, Hand. 14, Sale.

£100 (Share): Miss E. Rose, Ryder, Salisbury, Wilts.
£50: G. Tolman, 1, Hawley Crescent Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.1.
£25: Sergt. A.A.C. R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain.
£10: Mrs. Ethel Rose Bond, De'ram, W. Lothian.
£5: Mrs. H. E. Williams, Redgrave, Mere, Frodsham, Ches.

Runners-up Awards value £50, dated between 25 entrants.

XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

Women Save Coupons By No-Boil Wash

By a Woman Correspondent

LONDON, Monday

SINCE clothes rationing came in, hundreds of women have gone over to the no-boil method of washing clothes, realising they have to get more wear out of their things *somehow*.

The Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories found some time ago that clothes last one-third longer washed by this method than they do when they're boiled. And they have proved it time and again since by tests.

Song of a Shirt

★ No wonder this housewife sings as she pegs out her husband's shirt. She's washed it by the Rinso no-boil method, which means it'll last 4 months longer than shirts normally do. ★

12-MINUTE SOAK

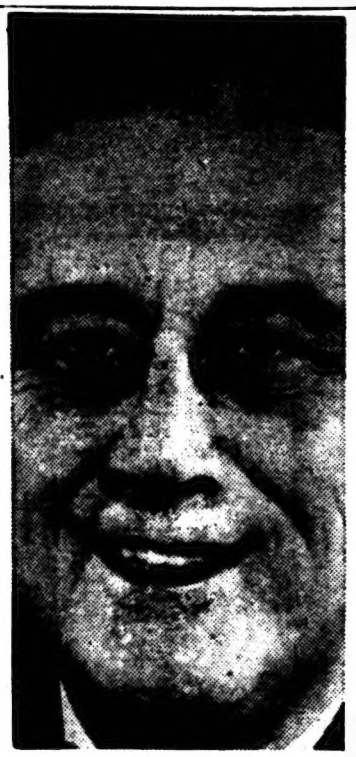
By the Rinso method the clothes are *soaked* clean in 12 minutes. Suds are made with water straight from the hot tap. No hard rubbing is needed. Where the clothes are extra dirty, a little dry Rinso smoothed in to form a paste gets out the dirt while the clothes are soaking.

An average wash of 50 articles is finished 1½ hours sooner. It saves gas or coal, too, no extra fuel being used specially for the washing.

The Rinso method actually saves coupons! A man who normally buys 3 new shirts in 12 months, value 15 coupons, can make these shirts last 16 months when washed in Rinso. That's one new shirt less a year, and 5 coupons saved—to say nothing of the cost of the shirt!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B3119-760-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited*



PRESIDENT

ROOSEVELT WRITES MOMENTOUS SERIES OF ARTICLES ON HIS FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY

THE "DAILY HERALD" is now publishing EXCLUSIVELY in this country a momentous series of articles by the President of the United States. These articles are from the President's own newly-written introductions to forthcoming State Papers—revealing, for the first time, the inside story of his great and historic fight for democracy.

N.B. *If you do not wish to miss this significant series of articles you* MUST, *owing to wartime restrictions, place an order with your newsagent* NOW, *for the "DAILY HERALD" to be delivered to you regularly every day, starting Wednesday next.*

EXCLUSIVE IN THE

DAILY HERALD

XMAS PUDDINGS £100 CASH 1st PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

For result of Xword No. 246, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 250

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.						5P	5P	5P
1 It's specially dangerous for a family man to do this in his sleep					A	L K			
2 These seem to bring rain	G	A	L		S				
3 Bull's-eye lantern can prove very handy in emergency on policeman's		B	E		T				
4 One who tries to play dirty trick on child is sometimes this					A	D			
5 Many a one works hard with little to show for it		C	O		T	E R			
6 One expects soil that is always damp to grow this	M	O	S						
7 Diplomat has sometimes to become this in order to succeed			S		A	V E			
8 Road of this is hard	C	H	E		T				
9 Very heavy one will usually prevent warship making attack					I	S T			
0 Is enjoyed by a good many picturegoers when witty		S	H		W				
11 Artist must sometimes feel this at parting with one of his best works	W	R	E		C	H			
12 Fear is not surprising if one goes for overnight		C	O						
13 Will probably let you down if you're heavy on it		L	A		D	E R			
14 Man who's got in a mess will be glad to get this					A	S H			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 10.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH XMAS CAKES £1 £50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH plus XMAS DINNER for 6 People £5 £4 £3 £2 50 FINE XMAS CAKES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,294 appears on page 14

BRITAIN'S TEAM
WHEN WE WIN
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
CRAZY WORLD
IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT
BRAINS
JOB FOR A SUPERMAN
THE ENEMY
TO KEEP THE FLAG FLYING
ON MUNITIONS
AUNTIE'S WAR EFFORT
TAKE COURAGE AND

HEARD IN THE BLACK-OUT
HOW HE GOT ON
IN THESE DAYS
BOOMING
GOOD CITIZEN
WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK
PAYS FATHER
EVERY LITTLE HELPS, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

AS ..... SAYS
GIRL AT THE .....
FIRST TO .....
REMEMBER ..... AND
IF HITLER WERE .....
BAD FOR .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,298 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 10

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,298 or Xword No. 250, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

DON'T WAIT for "Something to happen"

Take 'ASPRO' — then the cold won't develop!

People find things out quickly nowadays—and they act accordingly. In the face of the recent increase in colds and 'flu they find it is not wise to wait for "something to happen." Swift action with 'ASPRO' will prevent infection provided you act swiftly in obtaining 'ASPRO' itself. 'ASPRO' tablets should be in every home at the present time. It has been definitely proved that 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets taken with a hot drink at night will smash up a cold or 'flu attack by the morning. You enjoy a deep, peaceful sleep, your temperature is lowered—generally you will wake up completely recovered. 'ASPRO' acts quickly, without harming the heart or stomach. That is the keynote of 'ASPRO' service. In the majority of the homes of the country 'ASPRO' is accepted as a tried and trusted friend by all. For the moment, the vital thing to remember is that:—

Results NOW—NOT next Week!

'ASPRO' & a HOT DRINK TONIGHT will SMASH a 'Flu or Cold attack by morning!

Try 'ASPRO' for—
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT

"VERY USEFUL THESE TROUBLESOME TIMES"

Mrs. G. M. writes from Southgate, N.14:—"I must say that I have found your tablets very useful during these troublesome times. As soon as I feel that I have a cold coming on I take two of your tablets every four hours and it prevents the cold from developing into a bad one."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

ASPRO NEW REDUCED 'ASPRO' PRICES 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

WATCH ME TURN 15/- INTO A £1 NOTE AND 6 PENNIES

Here's real modern magic for you—money that grows without causing you a moment's trouble. Say you buy a 15/- National Savings Certificate to-day. In ten years' time it will have grown to 20/6. **And you don't pay a penny income tax on the increase.**

This wonderful way of saving money, and saving trouble, will also help us save the world from Hitler—and that's the biggest reason of all for buying

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The "No Trouble" Investment

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

Fennings'

OINTMENT *HEALS!*

from the first application and it's antiseptic qualities are beyond question

1/3 A TIN

You are safe with Fennings

from ALL Chemists—Write Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight for free copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

The best is worth seeking

Selo Films are still available in limited quantities and although you may have to search for them, your reward will be the unsurpassed results that Selo Films always give.

When Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British made Selo Films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere; and, as before, they will be found to be the best in the world.

SELO *films*

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, ILFORD, LONDON

For Blood, Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*,' *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Get a supply from your chemist or write for a Free Sample and Booklet.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15M), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

'*Elasto*' *is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

Fortify your Kidneys!

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of Nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up—

BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl.)

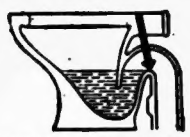
Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC

1 JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.

2 WHOLE BOWL CLEANS WHITE

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.



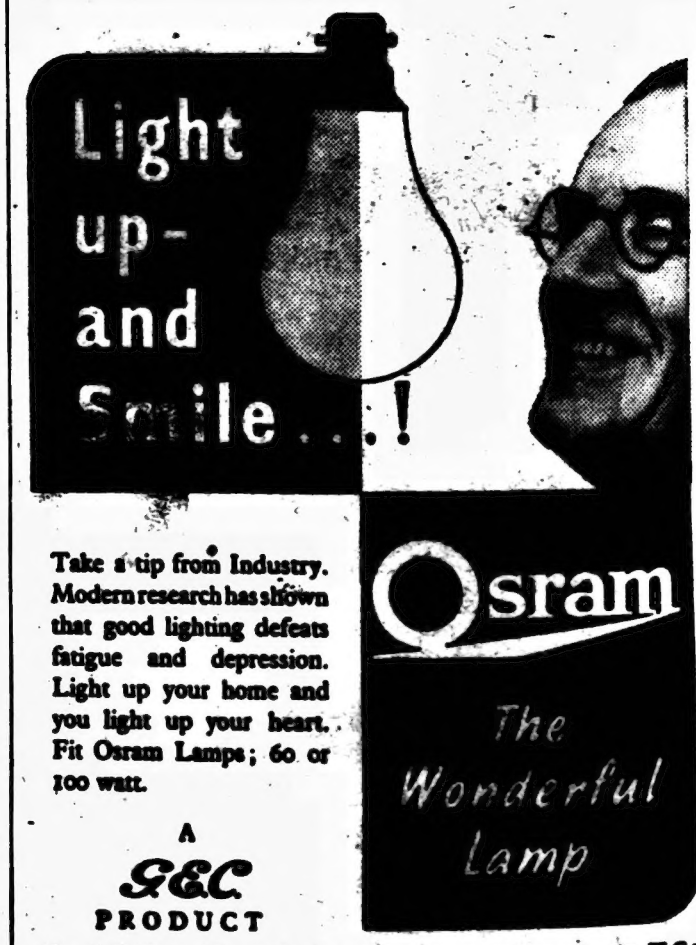
3 CLEANS S-BEND TOO

The part you *see* is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Everything is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so *pleasantly!*

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC

Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, *leave it to Harpic.* Get some to-day!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON



Take a tip from Industry. Modern research has shown that good lighting defeats fatigue and depression. Light up your home and you light up your heart. Fit Osram Lamps; 60 or 100 watt.

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

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